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Hymns to the Virgin and Christ,

The Parliament of Devils,

and other

Religious Poems.

BERLIN : ASHER & CO., 13, UNTER DEN LINDEN.
NEW YORK : C. SCRIBNER & CO., LEYPOLDT & HOLT.
PHILADELPHIA : J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

Hymns to the Virgin & Christ,

The Parliament of Devils,

and other

Religious Poems,

CHIEFLY FROM

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 853.

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMB.; MEMBER OF COUNCIL OF THE PHILOLOGICAL
AND EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETIES.

[*Reprinted, 1895.*]

LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO.,
57 AND 59, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

1867.

Original Series, 24.

R. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

PREFACE.

AFTER telling Mrs. Gaskell one day a story for the truth of which I could not vouch, she said, with her beautiful bright smile, "Now I'm going to believe that, whether it's true or not. It ought to be true." On looking through the Lambeth MS. 853, which Mr. Stubbs kindly handed to me in Lambeth Palace Library, I could not help saying, "I'll print it all, whether it contains early versions or late; it *is* a jolly little Manuscript"—a chubby vellum quarto, written in a large, clear, upright hand, which looked at first sight fourteenth century, but which the Museum authorities whom I afterwards consulted put at about 1430 A.D. As nice a little volume as one would wish to handle; a pleasing contrast to the shabby, scrubby, paper Percy folio of two hundred years later that I am now working at. Accordingly, the whole MS. is in type for the Society, and I hope members have no cause to regret it, for though earlier versions of some of the poems are no doubt in existence,—I have printed one at least sixty years older at pp. 106, 108, 110, 112, to show how the late text has changed¹—yet the Lambeth MS. has given us the better text of *The Complaint of Christ*, in "Political, Religious, and Love Poems," (E.E.T.S., 1866,) a better text of "The Parliament of Devils" than that printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and the best texts yet printed of the far-famed *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, "How the Good Wife taught her Daughter," and "How the Wise Man taught his Son," &c. : these, besides other poems of considerable beauty and interest in the present volume, and the other Texts I

¹ Two words at least of the earlier text—*sauzten* and *unsauzte*, "to reconcile" and "unreconciled, at enmity," p. 108, ll. 37-38, were unknown to the late scribe, and were changed by him to *soften* and *unsoft*.

have lately edited, or am now editing, for the Society. The early Englishman, like the modern one, was a religious and superstitious person, and as any one in 2360 A.D. should know of us, that in many educated (or deducated¹) persons' minds now, baptism by an episcopally-ordained clergyman is necessary to salvation, that a man's being drowned while boating on Sunday is a just judgment of God, whereas a similar death on Monday is a sad accident, with a hundred other like notions²; so we should know of our forefathers, if we would estimate them aright, what their religious belief and superstitious fancies were. Mary-worship, Parliament of Devils, Stations of Rome, St. Gregory's Trental, and what not: let us have them all: all the nonsense, as well as the expressions of the pure, simple faith, that through life and death our men of old held to. And a survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe,—and so far as I may speak from some work at it,—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good

¹ We sadly want some word like this *deducate*, *deducation*, &c., to denote the wilful down-leading into prejudice and unreason, in Politics at least, so prevalent in England and everywhere else, to support unjust social arrangements and abuses because they exist, or are in the interest of a powerful class, &c. Let any one think of the amount of deducation attempted about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the old and modern Reform Bills, the late American War, &c., and then see how hard the deducators still are at their work!

² “Dr. Pusey has written another letter to the *Times*, stating his opinion of absolution. He believes that Christ, conferring upon the Apostles the power to remit sins, intended to confer it also upon their ‘successors.’ He therefore holds that every successor has the power to remit the sins of penitent persons as fully as Christ Himself could have done; and so he affirms, on the authority of the Ordination Service, the Church of England also holds. *In other words*, Christ intended to leave the salvation of souls dependent on the will of such human beings as can be proved to have been ordained by the ordained up through the ages to Himself. One single unordained Bishop, say in the middle ages or the third century, would spoil the whole arrangement. Why does not Dr. Pusey claim the power of working miracles given to the Apostles at the same time? The invisibility of the power is no greater obstacle in the one case than the other. If the sick did not get visibly better for the priest's touch, neither do the bad get visibly better for his absolution. After all, does the human race advance? A Roman gentleman would have smiled at a superstition so gross as that which Dr. Pusey dignifies with the name of Christianity.” 1866, Dec. 1, *The Spectator*, p. 1326, col. 1-2. Dr. Pusey and his school may not admit the correctness of the statement above, “*In other words*.” I only wish to register here the opinion of one of our best edited weeklies on this point, and to note that however comical the view stated, and a thousand like ones, may seem to our man of 2360 A.D., they were equally so to many in 1866 A.D.

sense and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies.

Many of the poems in this volume seem to me very touching and beautiful, and I hope other readers will find them so too. The most interesting to me is the one I have entitled, from l. 638 in it, p. 78, "The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life, or Bids of the Virtues and Vices for the Soul of Man," pp. 58—78. It sketches the temptations of the well-off man of the period—the MS. is ab. 1430 A.D.—from the time when he was new-born from his mother till, at a hundred years old, Overhope and Wanhope (despair) would ruin him, but Good Hope and Good Faith bring him to trust in God's mercy. At twenty—which may be a misprint for fifteen, xx for xv,—this is the choice presented to the young man.

Quod resoun, "in age of .xx. 3eer,
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
 Quod lust, "harpe & giterne pere may y leere,
 And pickid staffe & buckelere, pere-wip to plawe,
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
 And be to bemond¹ A good squyer
 Al nyȝt til pe day do dawe."

¹ For an explanation of this *bemond*, I have asked in vain Mr. Chappell, Mr. Way, Mr. Morris, Mr. Skeat, Mr. Wright, &c., &c. The only interpretation I can suggest is drawn from a passage in *Le Venery de Twety*, Cotton MS. Vesp. B. xii., printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., pp. 149—154. At pp. 152-3 we read, of the hounds hunting the hare, "And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben, Rycher or Bemond, ye shall say, *oyez a Bemond le vayllaunt, que quide trovere le coward, ou le court cow.*" The name *Bemond* might easily pass from the leading hound to the leader of a revel, or be used, by personification, for a fancied god of indulgence in women and wine, a sort of Bacchus. I think it certain that this *bemond* has nothing to do with the *bemol* (flat, *b*), and *bequarre* (natural, the square *b*, *♮*) of the curious song on leawing music in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. I., p. 292, or the *bemy* of the Burlesque, p. 83, *ib.* last line. In our early music books B is *si*, though in the earliest I have seen, no name is given to it.

Conscience's remonstrance that this will waste his friends' money and his own time and learning, is answered by

"Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
þi counce! saueriþ not my tast . . .
Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
I wole spare no womman."

After the advice of Pride, Gluttony, Lechery, Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, and Avarice, to the young man, how to indulge his passions and lusts, comes Pride again with this bit of counsel as to dress :

"Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise ;
Slatre þi clothis boþe schorte & side [= wide]
Passinge alle opere mennis sise."

And so the poem continues with allusions, more or less, to the manners of the times. The *pockettis* of the verses last quoted serve to fix the date of the composition of the poem, if they are (as I suppose them to be) what Camden in his *Remaines*, p. 196, calls "*pocketting sleeves*."¹ He says,

"Of the long pocketting sleeves in the time of King Henry the Fourth, Hocclive, a master of that age, sings,

*Now hath this land little need of broomes
To sweep away the filth out of the streete,
Sen side sleeves of pennilesse groomes
Will it up licke, be it dry or weete."*

The woodcut of the Duke of Gloucester [?] on p. 153 of Mr. Fairholt's *Costume in England*, copied from the Royal MS. 15 E 4 (fol. 14), in the British Museum, shows the long pocket sleeve admirably, and 'his crimson jacket furred with deep red is exceedingly short,' but gathered in close folds behind. At p. 159 of Fairholt is another woodcut of an attendant with the pocket sleeve, from the same Royal MS. 14 E 4. On fol. 133 of the same Royal MS. are three figures with the long pocket sleeves, and one of them has his

¹ Pockets begin to appear in women's dresses in Edward the Third's time, says Fairholt, and are shown in that king's daughter's dress on the south side of his tomb in Westminster Abbey, as copied in Fairholt, p. 100.

sleeves tied behind his back, just below the bottom of his jacket. The very wide and short doublet seems not to have appeared till about 1460, and not to have been slashed. The tighter plaited jacket of Edward the Fourth's reign, also contemporary with pocket sleeves, had "large sleeves, open at the sides to display the shirt beneath," as shown in the cut on pages 154 and 159 of Fairholt. This is the only *slatring* (supposing it means *slashing*) shown in the figures, unless the opening for the arm in the long pocket sleeve be meant by the words of the poem. But the slashing of garments was at least as early as Chaucer's 'so mochil pounsing of chiseles to make holes, so moche daggyng of sheris' (*Persones Tale*, ed. Wright, p. 143, col. 2).

The *rere* or late suppers noticed in l. 374 of this *Mirror* poem are complained of by Robert of Brunne in 1303. *Handlyng Synne*, p. 226, ll. 7260-3. (See also the servants' 'rere sopers' denounced, ll. 7268-79.)

Rere sopers yn pryuyte,
Wyþ glotonye echone þey be ;
And þyr is moche waste ynne,
And gadryng of ouper synne.

Doubtless Robert was not the first preacher who inveighed against them. He also complains of the rich man lying long in bed on Sundays.

When he heryþ a bel ryng
To holy cherche men kallyng,
þan may he not hys bedde lete,
But þan behoueþ hym lygge and swete,
And take þe mery mornyng slepe.

Handlyng Synne, p. 135, ll. 4258-62.

For the last three Poems in this volume I am indebted to Mr. W. Aldis Wright, who copied them from MSS. under his charge in the Library of the Trinity College, Cambridge. The first, *Quindecim Signa ante diem Iulicii*, he desired to print on account of its variations from the other earlier versions of the Poem in the E.E. Poems I edited for the Philological Society (Transactions 1858, Pt. II., pp. 7-12), in Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience*, the *Metrical Homilies* edited by Mr. Small (in E.E. Poems as above, pp. 162-3), &c. The

second forms a companion to the Virgin's Complaint in our *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, 1866, and the third is given for its historic interest, and its contrast to the temper in which the later chronicler wrote of Archbishop Scrope's death.

Some of the poems bear traces of having been Southernized from a Northern original, as in using *boon* for *bane*, p. 25, l. 108, *lastande na mare*, l. 115, *sizhande*, p. 30, l. 261, and Mr. Perry has just sent me a version from the Northern Thornton MS. of the Sweetness of Jesus, pp. 8-11, here, pp. 83-6 of the Text edited by Mr. Perry from the Thornton MS. that will appear with this one. I have only in conclusion to return thanks to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of his pretty little Manuscript, and to Mr. Aldis Wright for his help, always so willingly given, notwithstanding the pressure of crowds of other work that would overwhelm an ordinary man.

3, St. George's Square, N. W.
12th November, 1866.

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NOTES.

Pref. p. vi, l. 6. A just judgment of God. Compare Cotgrave's "*Vne Iambe de dieu*. Soe doe the canting and blasphemous rogues of France tearme a cankered, gangrened, or desperately-sore leg." A.D. 1611.

p. 35. *I wyte myself myn owne woo*. Sir F. Madden, in his Introduction to *Syr Gawayne*, p. lxx, notes another copy of this, "a Poem in ten eight-line stanzas, the burden of which is 'I wite my self myne owne wo,' on fol. 71 of MS. Rawlinson, C. 86, Bodleian Library. It begins 'In my youthe fulle wyld I was.'" Another is printed from MS. Cotton. Calig. A II fol. 106, v* in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 197-200. It is in 15 stanzas of 8, with two introductory lines:

I may say, and so may mo,
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

p. 41. "The Parlyament of Deuylls" was also "Enprynted In London In Powels chyrcheyarde By Julyan Notary. A. M. M.CCCCC. & xx"; and Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1509 was "reprinted by Nicol for R. Heber, Esq., as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club, but for private reasons, never issued to its members." *Bohn's Lowndes*. Colophon. "Thus endeth the parlyament of deuylls. Enprynted by Wynkyn de word / prynter unto the moost excellent pryncesse my lady the kynges moder. The yere of our lorde .M.CCCCC. & ix."

p. 58. *Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life*. "The auncient sages by curious notes haue found out, that certaine yeeres in mans life be very perilous. These they name climacterical or stayrie yeares, for then they saw great alterations. Now a climactericall yeare is euery seauenth yeare . . Hence is it that in the seauenth yeere children doe cast and renew their teeth. In the fourteenth yeere proceedeth the stripping age. In the one and twentieth, youth. And when a man hath past seauen times seauen years, to weet, nine and fortie yeares, he is a ripe and perfect man. Also, when he attaineth to ten times seauen yeeres, that is, to the age of threescore and ten, his strength and chiefest vertue beginnes to fall away." W. Vaughan, *Natural and Artificial Directions for Health*, 1602, pp. 47-8.

In Admiral Swinburne's incomplete copy of *The noble lyfe & natures of man Of bestes / serpentys / fowles & fishes y^e be mooste knownen*, by Laurens Andrewe of y^e towne of Calis, is a large cut running across both pages (a iii b, a iv), of the Ten Ages of Man, in ten double compartments, boy and man in the ten stages at top, and the ten beasts he is likened to, underneath. Below are verses applying to each age.

"Here after foloweth the ten ages of mankynde lykened be ten dyuers bestis as here is expresly shewed / and how the nature of mankynde dothe chaunge from ten tyme of a co

[Cut of] The .X. Ages.

[Fro]M one vnto .x. a childe is he
[Whyp]inge his toppe with sporte & playe
[Lep]lyng as y^e gote right merily.
 s his care bothe nyght & day
[At .xx. yere he is icond and]d plessand
 t pryde

- ¶ At .xxx. yere he is named a man
And syb to the bull of nature stronge
Reuenginge his right where euer he can
with whome it be bothe short & longe
- ¶ Nowe forty yere he is ywys
Condecyond as a lyon in euery degre
Which maketh hym often *withouten* mys
To lese his wysdom beleue ye me
- ¶ At fifty yere then can he glose
Wily as the forein worde and dede
That euer wyll wynne & neuer lose
& eke of his seruyse he wyl haue mede
- ¶ At threscore yere he dothe descende
But couetyse in him is roeted than
Euyn as the wolfe he doth amenden
y^t woroeth the shepe wher euer he can
- At .lxx. he is syb to the hownde
y^t gnaweth y^e bone so doth he his hart
All sportes he casteth to the grownde
Lest therfore his sowle sholde smart
- ¶ At fourscore yere withouten fayle
He is disdayned with man and wyfe
Syb to the Cat that lycketh her tayle
Euer be the fyre that is his lyfe
- ¶ At fourscore & x he is s . . .
Scorned of man and child h[e is]
From hym is wisdom & st[rength] gone]
Echone wyll his deth in b . . .
- ¶ At .C. yere dethe *commes*
& maketh him as a gose y^t i[s] . . .
So plucke y^e frendes
But he in erthe is s"

The inquirer as to climacterical years is referred to "A Succinct Philosophical Declaration of the nature of clymateral yeares occasioned by the death of Queene Elizabeth" in MS. Sloane 2117, fol. 231.

p. 83. *This worlde is but a vanite*. A later copy of this Poem, with the burden "This world is but a wannyté", was printed by Mr. Halliwell for the Warton Club in 1855, in *Early English Miscellanies*, p. 9-12. It has ten stanzas of eight lines each, and winds up with an extra "In Domino confydo. Amen, dico vobis."

p. 88. *Erbe vppon erpe*. In Mr. Halliwell's *Early English Miscellanies* from the Porkington MS., Warton Club, 1855, is a later and somewhat different version of this poem in twelve stanzas of six, and two introductory stanzas of seven lines. Mr. Halliwell calls the Porkington one "the most complete copy known to exist." It seems a late recast of the old version. Mr. Halliwell also notes, p. 94, "Other versions, varying considerably from each other, are preserved in MS. Seld. sup. 53; MS. Rawl. C. 307; MS. Rawl. Poet. 32; MS. Lambeth 853 (in this text); and in the Thornton MS. in Lincoln Cathedral (fol. 279). Portions of it are occasionally found inscribed on the walls of churches."

p. 128. Archbishop Scrope's Death. See the Latin Poem on this in Mr. Thomas Wright's *Political Songs*, v. 2, p. 114-18.

Hymns to the Virgin, Christ, &c.

Veni, Coronaberis.

(A SONG OF GREAT SWEETNESS FROM CHRIST TO HIS
DAINTIEST DAM.)

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 1.*)

SUrge mea sponsa, swete in sizt,
And se þi sone þou ʒafe souke so scheene ;
þou schalt abide with þi babe so brizt,

- 4 And in my glorie be callide a queene.
Thi mammillis, moder, ful weel y meene,
Y had to my meete þat y myʒt not mys ;
Aboue alle creaturis, my moder clene,
8 Veni, coronaberis.

Arise, My beloved,
who gavest Me
suck

from thy breasts.

Above all crea-
tures thou shalt
be crowned.

- C**ome, clenner þan cristal, to my cage ;
Columba mea, y þee calle,
And se þi sone þat in seruage
12. For mannis soule was made a þralle.
In þi palijs so principal
I pleyde priuyli wipoute mys ;
Myn hiʒ cage, moder, haue þou schal ;
16 Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My dove,

and see thy son
who was made a
slave for man.

Thou shalt have
His high place,
and be crowned.

Daughter of Sion,
spotless flower,

thou shalt sit
crowned by Me,

[Page 2.]
and all My saints
shall honour thee.

- F**or macula, moder, was neuere in þee;
Filia syon, þou art þe flour;
Ful sweteli schalt þou sitte bi me,
20 And bere a crowne with me in tour,
¶ And alle my seintis to þin honour
Schal honoure þee, moder, in my blis,
þat' blessid bodi þat' bare me in bowur,
24 Veni, coronaberis.

Princess of
Paradise, Mother
fair,

the well of mercy
in thee shall bring
thy blessed body
to bliss.
Come and be
crowned.

- T**ota pulcra þou art' to my plesynge,
My moder, princes of paradijs,
Of þe a watir ful weel gan sprynge
28 þat' schal azen alle my riȝtis rise;
¶ þe welle of mercy in þee, moder, lijs
To bringe þi blessid bodi to blis;
And my seintis schulen do þee seruice,
32 Veni, coronaberis.

Come, My chosen
one, Maiden
Queen,

dwel here with
Me in bliss,

and be crowned.

- V**eni, electa mea, meekeli chosen,
Holi moder & maiden queene,
On sege to sitte semeli bi him an hiz,
36 þi sone and eek þi childe.
¶ Here, moder, wiþ me to dwelle,
With þi swete babe þat' sittip in blis,
þere in ioie & blis þat' schal neuere mys,
40 Veni, coronaberis.

[Page 3.]
Sweet Mother,
remember the
dew that dropped
from our lips
when we kissed.

Come and be
crowned.

- V**eni, electa mea, my moder swete,
Whanne þou bad me, babe, be ful stille,
Ful goodli oure lippis þan gan mete,
44 With briȝt braunchis as blosmes on hille.
¶ Fanus distillans it' wente with wille,
Oute of oure lippis whanne we dide kis,
þerfore, moder, now ful stille,
48 Veni, coronaberis.

- V**eni de libano, þou loueli in launche,
 þat lappid me loueli *with liking* song,
 þou schalt abide *with* a blessid braunche,
 52 þat so semeli of þi bodi sprong.
 ¶ Ego, flos campi, þi flour, was solde,
 þat on calueri to þ^e cried y-wys :
 Moder, þou woost þis is as y wolde ;
 56 Veni, coronaberis.
- P**ulcra vt luna, þou berist þe lamme,
 As þe sunne þat schineþ clere,
 Veni in ortum meum, þou deintiest damme,
 60 To smelle my spicis¹ þat here ben in fere.
 My palijs is piȝt for þi pleasure,
 Ful of briȝt braunchis & blosmes of blis ;
 Come now, moder, to þi derling dere !
 64 Veni, coronaberis.
- Q**uid est ista so vertuose
 þat is euere lastyng for her meekenes ?
 Aurora consurgens graciose,
 68 So benigne a ladi, of such briȝtnes,
 ¶ þis is þe colour of kinde clennes,
 Regina celi þat neuere dide mys ;
 þus eendiþ þe song of greet swettnes,
 72 Veni, coronaberis.
- Come from
 Lebanon, thou
 who sangst Me to
 sleep,
- Me who on
 Calvary cried to
 thee.
- Lovely as moon-
 light,

 come thou to Me.
- [Page 4.]
 My palace is dight
 with blossoms of
 bliss.
 Come, Mother,
 come and be
 crowned.
- Who is she that
 shall endure for
 ever for her
 meekness ?
- The Queen of
 Heaven, who
 never sinned.
 Come thou then,
 and be crowned !

[*Quia Amore Langueo*, or "In a tabernacle of a tour," and its contiguation "In a valey of þis restles mynde," printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, pp. 148-150, follow here. Then "Ihesu, þi swetnes," p. 8, and "Ihesus þat sprong," p. 12, of this volume.]

¹ Compare "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, *that* the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." *Solomon's Song*, ch. iv. 16. "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies." vi. 2.

Hail, Blessed Mary!

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 24.]

The heavy Clarendon letters mark the red of the MS.

Hail, Mary,
Mother of

Heil be þou, marie, þe modir of crist,
Heil þe blessidist þat euere bare child!
Heil þat conceyuedist al wiþ list

the Son of God!

4 þe sone of god boþe meeke & mylde!

Maiden, never
defouled,

¶ Heil maide sweete þat neuere was filid!

Heil welle and witt of al wijsdome!

fairest flower of
the field.

Heil þou flour! heil fairest in feeld!

8 **Aue regina celorum!**

Hail, comely
Queen,

Heil comeli queene, counfort of care!
Heil blessid lady bothe fair & briȝt!

healer of all pain.

Heil þe saluour of al sore!

12 Heil þe laumpe of lemys list!

[Page 25.]
Hail, mother
of Christ,

¶ Heil þou blessid beerde in whom [crist] was piȝt!

Heil ioie of man bothe al and sum!

Heil pinnacle in heuene an hiȝt,

the king of Angels.

16 **Mater regis angelorum!**

Hail, fairest of all,
who bred our
bliss, on whom all
women in child-
bed call,

Heil crowned queene, fairest of alle!

Heil þat alle oure blis in bradde!

Heil þat alle wommen on doon calle

20 in temynge whanne þei ben hard bistadde!

All fende dread
thee, who feddest
thy Son with
maiden milk,

¶ Heil þou þat alle feendis dredde,

And schulen do til þe day of doome!

With maidens mylk þi sone þou fedde,

Thou flower of
virgins.

24 **O maria, flos virginum.**

- H**eil fairest þat euere god foond,
 Whiche chees þee to his owne bour!
 Heil þe lanterne þat is ay lizthond!
 28 To þee schulen loute boþe riche & poore.
 ¶ Heil spice swettist of sauour!
 Heil þat al oure ioye of come!
 Heil of alle women fruyt & flour!
 32 **Velud¹ rosa vel lilium.**

- H**eil be þou goodli ground of grace!
 Heil blessid sterre upon þe see!
 Heil of coumfortis in euery caas!
 36 ¶ Heil þe cheeuest of charitee!
 Heil welle of witt and of merci!
 Heil þat bare ihesu, goddis sone!
 Heil tabernacle of þe trynyte!
 40 **Funde preces ad filium.**

- H**eil be þou virgyne of virgins!
 Heil blessid modir! heil blessid may!
 Heil norische of sweete ihesus!
 44 Heil cheefest of chastite, forsoþe to say!
 ¶ Lady, kepe vs so in oure last day
 þat we may come to þi kingdom!
 For me & alle cristen þou pray,
 48 **Pro salute fidelium. Amen.**

Hail, choice of
 God,

whom rich and
 poor adore.

Hail, fruit and
 flower of
 womankind.

[¹ *velud*; *l*, *u*,
 and *d* rubbed]

[Page 26.]

Hail, Star upon
 the sea,

chifefest in
 charity,

tabernacle of the
 Trinity.

Hail, blessed
 maiden.

In our last day
 bring us to thy
 realm.

Pray for all faith-
 ful souls!

Aue Maria.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 26. Partly
written without breaks.*]

Hail, Mary,
Queen and Star of
Heaven! help me
and hear my
prayer.

[¹ Page 27.]

Heil be þou marie, crīstis moder dere,
þat' art' queene of heuen, fair and sweete of chere,
þat' art' sterre of heuen schinyngē brīȝt & clere!

4 Helpe me, lady ¹ful of myȝt, & heere my *praierē*

Aue maria.

To thee I make
my moan: let
me not die in
any of the Seven
Sins.

Heil blessid marie, mylde queene of heuen!
Blessid be þi name, ful good it is to nempne:
8 To þee, lady, y make my moone; I praie þee
heere my steuen,
And let' me neuere die in noon of þe synnis
seuene.

Aue maria.

Hail, Mary, flower
of all!

To thee I pray!

be by me when I
die,

and save me from
Satan's bonds.

Heil be þou marie þat' art' flour of alle,
12 As roose in eerbir so reed!
To þee, ladi, y clepe and calle,
To þe y make my beed;
þou be in stide & in stalle
16 Whanne y schal drawe to deed,
And lete me neuere falle
in boondis of þe queed!

Aue maria.

Grant me my
prayer,

20 **H**eil be þou, marie, þat' hiȝ sittist in troone!
Y biseche þee, sweete lady, graunte me my
boone,

Ihesu to loue & drede, & my lijfe to amcende soone, amend my life,
and bring me to
And bring' me to þat' blis þat' neuere schal be everlasting bliss.
doone.

24

Aue maria.

Heil be þou marie, gloriouse moder hende!
Meeknes & honeste, *with* abstynence, me sende, Send me meek-
ness and charity,
that I may go to
heaven.
With chastite & charite into my lyues eende,
28 And þat' þoruþ þi praier, lady, I mote to heuen
blis weende!

Aue maria.

[*Oratio Magistri Richardi de Castro*, p. 15, below, follows here.]

Poems to Christ.

The Sweetness of Jesus.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 14.]

Jesu, beside Thy
sweetness

all earthly love
is bitter.

Teach me

firmly to set my
heart on Thee.

No earthly love
delights like
Thine,

the King of
Love.

I would my heart
were wholly
Thine.

[Page 15.]
If Nature bids me
love my kin, I
should love Thee
first, who didst

put Thy likeness
in my soul.

4 **I** Hesu, pi swetnes, who-so myzte it' se,
And perof haue a cleere knowynge,
Al erpeli loue bittir schulde be
Saue pin a-loone without leesinge.
I prairie pee, lord, pat' lore leere me,
Aftir pi loue to haue longynge,
And sadli to sette myn herte on pee,
8 In pi loue to haue most liking.

So likinge loue in erpe noon is ;
In soule who-so coude him sopeli se,
Him to loue were mykil blis,
12 For king' of loue callid is he.
¶ With true loue, y wolde pis,
So faste to him bounde be,
pat' myne herte were holli his
16 So pat' no ping' likid me but he.

IF y for kyndenes schulde loue my kyn,
þan me þenkiþ in my þouzte
Bi kyndeli skile y schulde bigynne
20 At him þat haþ me maade of nouzt.
¶ His lijknys he sette my soule with-inne,
And al þis world for me haþ wrouzt,
As fadir he fondid my loue to wyne,
24 For to heuene he haþ me brouzt.

As moder of him, y make now mynde,
 þat bfore my birþe to me toke hede,
 And siþen *with* bapty^m waischiþ þat kynde
 28 þat foulide was þoru; adams dede.

¶ *With* noble mete he norischiþ oure kynde,
 For *with* his fleisch he doop us fede,
 A betere fode may no man fynde,

32 To lastyng^e lijf it wole us lede.

Oure broþer & sustir he is bi skile,
 For he so seide, & lerid us þat lore
 þat who so wrouȝte his fadris wille
 36 Briþeren & sustren to him þei wore.

¶ Mi kinde also he took þer-tille,
 Ful truli truste y him þerfore
 þat he wole neuere lete me spille,

40 But wip his mercy salue my sore.

The loue of him passiþ, certis,
 Al erþeli loue þat may ben here ;
 God & man, my spouse he is,
 44 Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to loue him dere.

¶ Boþe heuen and erþe holli is his,
 He is lord of greet powere,
 Callid he is þe kyng of blis,

48 His loue me longiþ for to leere.

Aftir his loue me þenkiþ long'
 For he haþ myne ful dere y-bouȝte ;
 Whanne y was wente fro him *with* wrong',
 52 From heuen to erþe he me souȝte.

¶ Mi wrecchid kynde for me he fonge,
 And al his nobley he sette as nouȝt,
 Pouert he suffride, & peynes stronge,

56 Aȝen to blis or he me brouȝte.

Before my birth
 He cared for me,

and now feeds
 our race with His
 blood.

He is the brother
 and sister of

those who do His
 Father's will.

[Page 16.]
 He took my
 nature, and so I
 trust Him.

His love passes
 all earthly love,

and He is my
 spouse.

His name is King
 of Bliss.

He bought my
 love full dear,

took my wretched
 nature, and

brought me to
 bliss.

[Page 17.]
Love for me
brought Him to
earth,

and for that He
pledged His life,

and shed His
precious blood.

His sides were
bloody, His heart
pierced with a
spear.

He gave His life
for my guilt.

My heart should
break with pity,

for I was cause
of all His woe.

[Page 18.]
For me He
suffered death,

and rose again,

and went to
heaven.

He protects me
from my foes,

the friend that
never fails, and
asks only my love
again.

Whanne y was þral, to make me fre,
Mi loue fro heuene to erþe him ledde,
My loue aloone haue wolde he,
60 For þerfore he leide his lijf to wedde.
¶ Wiþ my foo he fauhte for me,
Woundid he was, and bittirli bledde,
His preciouſe blood ful greet plente
64 Ful piteuouſeli for me was ſchedde.

Hiſe ſidis bloo and blodi were
þat ſumtyme were ful briht of blee;
His herte was perſid wiþ a ſpere,
68 Hiſe ruli woundis were ruþe to ſe.
¶ Mi rauuſum forſoþe he paiẽd þere,
And ȝaf his lijf for gilt of me,
His deẽþ ſchulde be to me ful dere,
72 And perſe myn herte for pure pitee.

For pitee myn herte ſchulde breke on two,
To hiſ kyndenes if y took hede;
Encheſon y waſ of al hiſ woo,
76 He ſuffride ful harde for my miſ-dede.
¶ To laſtyng lijf þat y ſchulde go,
He ſuffride deẽþ in hiſ manhede;
And whanne hiſ wille waſ to lyue alſo,
80 Aȝen he rooſ þoruȝ hiſ godhede.

To heuen he wente wiþ myche bliſ
Whanne he ouercome hiſ bataile,
Hiſ baner ful brode diſplayid iſ
84 Whanne ſo my fo wole me aſſaile.
¶ Weel ouȝte y, wrecche, to ben hiſ,
He iſ þat freend þat neuere wole faile:
No þing deſiriþ he þat iſ,
88 But true loue aȝen for hiſ trauaile.

- T**hus wolde my spouse for me fɪʒt,
 And for me was woundid sore,
 For my loue his deef was dɪʒt;
 92 What loue myʒte he kɪpe more?
 ¶ To ʒelde his loue haue y no myʒte
 But loue him hertili þerfore,
 And worche weel wɪth werkis rɪʒt
 96 þat he hæp lerid me wɪth loueli lore.

For me He was
 wounded sore,

and died.

I cannot repay
 His love, but

only obey His
 commands.

- W**ip loueli lore his werkis to fille,
 Weel ouʒte y, wrecche, if y were kynde,
 Nyʒt & day to worche his wille,
 100 And euere haue þat lord in mynde.
 ¶ But goostli foos greuen me ille,
 And my freel fleisch makɪp me blinde;
 þerfore his mercy y take me tille,
 104 For betere bote can y noon fynde.

[Page 19.]

I must alway
 work His will;

but my foes and
 flesh blind me.

I fly to His mercy,

- B**etere bote is noon to me
 þan to his mercy truli me take
 þat wɪth his fleisch hæp made me frec,
 108 And me, wrecche, his childe wole make.
 ¶ I praie þat lord for his pitee
 þat he for synne me not forsake,
 But ʒeue me grace fro synne to flee,
 112 And him to loue let me neuere slake.

which is my best
 remedy.

O Lord, forsake
 me not, but give
 me grace to love
 Thee.

- I**hesu, for þe swetnes þat in þee is,
 Have mynde of me whan y lens wende,
 Wɪth stɪdfast truþe my wittis þou wis,
 116 And, lord, þou scheelde me from þe feende!
 ¶ For þi mercy forʒeue me my mys,
 þat wɪckɪd werk my soule neuere schende,
 And lede me, lord, in-to þi blis,
 120 Wɪth þee to wone wɪthoute eende. AMEN.

For Thy
 sweetness

keep me from the
 evil one!

[Page 20.]
 For Thy mercy

lead me into bliss,
 ever to dwell
 with Thee!

Be my Comfort, Crist Ihesus!

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1400 A.D., page 20.*]

Jesu,

IHesus pat sprong of iesse roote,
As us hap prechid pi prophete,
Flour and fruyt bope softe and sote,

savour sweet to
man's soul,

4 To mannys soule of sauour sweete ;
Ihesu ! pou brouztist man to boote
Whanne gabriel gan marie greete,
To felle oure foomen vndir foote,

8 In hir pou siz a semeli sete :

Thou Virgin's
son !

¶ A mayden was pi modir meete,
Of whom pou took fleisch for us ;

Son, and Mother,
comfort me !

As 3e may bope my balis beete,
12 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Jesu,

Ihesu, pou art wijsdom of witt
Of pi fadir ful of myzt !

to save man's
soul Thou wert
poorly clad,
put in a cradle,
[Page 21.]

16 In poore aparaile pou were pizt.

¶ Ihesu ! pou were in cradil knyt,
In wede wrappid bope day & nyzt,
In bethleem born, as þe gospel writt,

born in
Bethlehem.

20 With aungelis song and heuene lizt.

Barn y-born of a beerde brizt,
Ful curteis was pi comeli cus ;
þoru3 uertu of pat sweete sizte,

By Thy kias to
Thy mother,

24 So be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

comfort me !

Jesu, who wast
fair when young,

Ihesu, pat were of 3eeris zong,
Fair and fresch of hide and hue,

- Whanne pou were in pralldom prong,
 28 And turmentid with many a iewe,
 ¶ Whanne blood and watir were out' wrong,
 For beesting was pi bodi blewe;
 As a clot' of clay pou were for-clonge,
 32 So deed in prouz panne men pee prewe.
 ¶ But grace of pi graue grew;
 pou roos up quik coumfort' to us.
 For hir loue pat' pis councel knewe,
 36 So be my coumfort', crist' ihesus.

when Thou wert
on the Cross,

turnedat blue,
and like a clod of
clay wast cast in
grave.

But quickly Thou
arose.

Then comfort me.

- Ihesu, soopfast god and man,
 Two kindis knyt' in oon persone,
 pe wondir werk pat' pou bigan
 40 pou hast' fulfillid in fleisch & bone.
 ¶ Out' of pis world wiztli pou wan,
 Liftynge up pi silf a-loone;
 For myztili pou roos, & ran
 44 Streijt vnto pi fadir in trone.
 ¶ Now dare man make no more moone;
 For man it' is pou wrouzte pus,
 And god wip man is maade at oone,
 48 So be my coumfort', crist' ihesus.

[Page 22.]
Jesu, God and
man,

soon Thou rose
from the dead to

Thy Father's
throne.
Man shall mourn
no more,

so comfort me.

- ¶ Ihesu crist', holi and hende,
 pat' beerde was blessid pat' bare pee,
 Aftir hir whanne pou gan sende,
 52 In heuene blis wip pee to bee.
 ¶ Out' of pis worlde whanne sche wende,
 Bope bodi & soule were sett' in see
 Hizet pan ony of¹ aungelis kinde,
 56 In troone a-fore pe trynnte.
 ¶ pere may pe sone his modir se
 In heuene an hiz to helpen us;
 pou peerless princes, praie for me!
 60 And be my coumfort', crist' ihesus.

Jesu, Thou
sentest for Thy
Mother to heaven,

and set her higher
than the angels
on a throne.
¹ of in margin.

[Page 23.]

Peerless Princess,
pray for me!
and, Jesus,
comfort me!

Jesus,

Ihesu, my souereyne sauour,
Almyzti god, þere ten no moo :

rule me,

Crist, þou be my gouernour,

64 þi feiþ lete me not fallen fro.

be my food in
body and soul,

¶ Ihesu, my ioye and my socoure!

In my body and soule also,

God, þou be my strengist fode,

68 And wisse þou me whan me is wo.

¶ Lord, þou makist freend of foo,

Lete me not lyue in langour þus,

stay my sorrow,

But se my sorowe, & seie now 'ho,'

and comfort me.

72 And be my coumfort, crist ihesus.

Prince of Peace,
I pray Thee

Ihesu, to þee y crie and greede ;

Prince of pees, to þee y praye ;

þou woldist bleede for mannis nede,

76 And suffre manye a feerdful fray.

[Page 24.]
help me in all my
fear,

¶ þou me fede in al my drede

Wiþ pacience now and ay

let me please Thee
in word and deed,

Mi lijf to lede in word & dede

80 As is moost plesaunt to þi pay,

and die well at
my day.

¶ And to deie weel whanne it is my day.

Ihesu, þat deied on tree for us,

Lete me not be þe feendis pray,

Be my comfort,
Christ!

84 But be my coumfort, crist ihesus! AMEN.

[The two Hymns to the Virgin, "Heil be þou, Marie," printed
on pages 4-7 of this Text, follow here.]

Richard de Castre's Prayer to Ihesus.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 28, written without breaks.*]

Oratio magistri Richardi de castre, quam ipse posuit.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Ihesu, lord, þat madist me,
 And wip þi blessid blood hast bouzt,
 Forȝeue þat y haue greued þee
 4 <i>With worde, with wil, & eek with þouzt.</i></p> | <p>Jesu,

 forgive what I
 have grievd
 Thee.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, in whom is al my trust,
 þat deied upon þe roode tree,
 Withdrawe myn herte from fleischli lust,
 8 And from al wordli vanyte !</p> | <p>Withdraw my
 heurt from fleschly
 lust.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, for þi woundis smerte
 On feet & on þin hondis two,
 Make me meeke & low of herte,
 12 And þee to loue as y schulde do !</p> | <p>Make me meek
 and lowly of
 heart.</p> |
| <p>¶ Ihesu, for þi bitter wounde
 þat wente to þin herte roote,
 For synne þat hap myn herte bounde,
 16 þi blessid bloode mote be my bote.</p> | <p>Thy blood must
 heat my guilt.</p> |
| <p>¶ And ihesu crist, to þee y calle
 þat art god ful of myȝt;
 Kepe me cleene, þat y ne falle
 20 In deedli synne neiþer be day ne nyȝt.</p> | <p>Keep me pure
 from mortal sin.</p> |

Let me never
displease Thee.

¶ Ihesu, graunte me myne askinge,
Perfite pacience in my disease,
And neuere mote y do þat þing'
24 þat schulde þee in ony wise displese.

Grant that I and
all to whom I am
bound may die
well.

[Page 29.]

¶ Ihesu, þat art oure heuenli king,
Sooþefast god, & man also,
ȝeue me grace of good eendinge,
28 And hem þat Y am holden vnto.

Speed my prayers
that I may not be
condemned.

¶ Ihesu, for þe deedly teeris
þat þou scheeddist for my gilt,
Here & spede my praiers,
32 Aud spare me þat y be not spilt.

Keep Thy reveng-
ing hand from
those who anger
Thee.

¶ Ihesu, for them y þe biseche
þat wrappen þee in ony wise,
With-holde from hem þin hond of wreche,
36 And lete hem lyue in þi seruice.

Comfort all who
are full of care.

¶ Ihesu, moost counfort for to se
Of þi seintis euerychoone,
Counfort hem þat careful been,
40 And helpe hem þat ben woo bigoon.

Amend all who
havegrieved Thee.

¶ Ihesu, keepe hem þat been goode,
And ameende hem þat han greued þee,
And sende hem fruytis of erpeli fode
44 As ech man nedip in his degree.

Stop these wars,
and send us peace.

¶ Ihesu, þat art with-outen lees
Almyȝti god in trynyte,
Ceesse þese werris, & sende us pees
48 Wiþ lastinge loue & charitee.

Ihesu, þat art þe goostli stoon
Of al holi chirche in myddil erþe,

Bringe þi fooldis & flockis in oon,
52 And rule hem *riȝtli with* oon hirde.

Bring Thy flocks
and folds in one;

¶ Ihesu, for ¹þi blessidful blood,
Bringe, if þou wolt, þo soulis to blis
For² whom y haue had ony good,
56 And spare þat þei han do a-mys. AMEN.

[¹ Page 80.]
and bring to bliss
all who have done
me good. Amen.
[² ? for Fro]

["Who-so wilneþ," printed on pp. 11-12 of *The Babees Book*,
&c., follows here, on p. 80 of the MS.]

Do Merci bifore thi Jugement.

[*Lambeth MS. 583, ab. 1340 A.D., page 54, written
without breaks.*]

Our Creator is
the maker of all,

to whom we
lament

how frail we are.

God, be merciful
before thy
judgment!

There is no creatour¹ but oon,
 Maker of euery creature,
 God a-loone, & euer more oon,
 4 And pre in oon alway to endure.
 ¶ To þat lord we make oure moone
 To whom al counfort is, & cure,
 To pinke how freel we ben echoon.
 8 In þis world is hard auenture :
 ¶ Who-so þerof is moost ensure,
 Sunnest schal he be schamed and schent.
 Or þou þe world with fier pure,
 12 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

Damn not Thine
own work to
please the Devil;

banish us not
from thy sight!

Lord, do mercy or þat þou deeme,
 Lest þou dampne þat þou hast wrouzt :
 What ioie were it a feend to qweme,
 16 To zeue him þat þou hast dere bouzt.
 ¶ Out of þi sight if þou us fleme,
 We ben dampned riȝt as nouzt ;
 þi passioun make us briȝt & schene
 20 In wil, in worde, in dede & þouzt!

¹ MS. 'creature,' but a later hand has written *our* over the *ure* of 'creature,' and dotted the *ure* out.

- ¶ For whi, synne hap us þoruȝ souȝt;
 þer-fore ameende þou oure entent
 To þe doom or we bee brouȝt!
 24 Do mercy bifore þi iugement.

Amend our
 purposes before
 Thy Judgment.

- W**e axe þi mercy, þou heuenli king,
 For þou art lord of ech degre;
 Of erþe þou madist oure bigynnyng,
 28 And aftir with spirit enspirid us free.
 ¶ Wiþ trees and gras þou ȝaf us growinge,
 Wiþ beestis, feelinge lijf haue we,
 And with aungils we haue vndirstondinge,
 32 And þerbi we schulden know þee.
 þou baddist þat alle schulde multiplie,
 But we ben fals & negligēt:
 For we may not hide us from þin ize,
 36 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

[Page 55.]
 We ask Thy
 mercy.

Thou madest us
 of earth, and
 breathedst spirit
 in us,

giving us sentient
 life with beasts,
 and knowledge
 with angels.

We are false, but
 cannot hide from
 Thee.
 Have Mercy on
 us!

- Þ**ou baddist us axe merci, & we schulden haue;
 It doop us counfort on þee to calle,
 þou hast ordeined man to saue,
 40 For þi merci passiþ þi werkis alle.
 ¶ þi herte blood for us þou ȝaue,
 þou madist us free where we were þralle:
 Lete neuere þe feend oure soulis craue
 44 þat waischen was in þin holi welle!
 ¶ Oure fleisch is freel, it makip us falle,
 Wiþ grace¹ we risen & schulen repente;
 And in hope of þee we schal:
 48 Haue merci to-fore thi iugement.

Thou baddest us
 ask Mercy.

Thou gavest
 Thine heart's
 blood for us:

[1 Page 56.]
 our flesh is frail:
 give us Grace
 and Hope; and

have Mercy on
 us.

- W**e axe mercy bi riztwijsnes,
 For þi biheest is al oure rizt,
 And of þi greet kindenes
 52 þou hast mercy to us bihiȝt.

We rely on Thy
 promise of

Mercy to us.

We can do
nothing
of ourselves.

¶ We ne be but erþe watirlees,
þat to springe vertu haþ no myȝt;
þis worldis likeroſe bittirnes

56 Bireueþ us discrecioun & oure ſiȝt.

The world, the
fleſh, and the
deuill fight with
us.

Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.

¶ Þe feend, þe fleiſch, þe worlde, wiþ us ay fiȝt;
þus be we taken in turment;
þerfore, lord, or þi doom be diȝt,

60 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

We haue corrupt-
ed our nature
with ſin;

Wiþ ſynne we han defoulid oure kinde,
And kinde may we not eſchewe;

we are untrue.

To wrappe þee, god, we ben vnkinde;
64 þou kindeli king, we ben vntrewe!

Remember not
our trespas;
[Page 57.]

we cannot eſcape
Thee.

¶ Aȝens þis can no clerk ſkile fynde;
Graciouſe god, upon us rewe;

Take not oure trespas in to mynde,
68 But in þi doom lete merci ſue!

Have mercy on
us.

Lord, we commit
our life to Thee;

¶ For þouȝ we wolden from þee remewe,
In ech place þou art preſent;
Or we were born, lord, þou us knewe;
72 Do merci bifore þi iugement.

keep us night and
day.
Jesu, drive

the deuill from us
when we die;

let him not ſeiſe
our ſouls.

Have Mercy
before Thy
Judgment.

God, mingle
Mercy with
Justice,

Lord! oure ſoule, oure ſpirit, oure liȝf,
Into þin hondis, lord, we bitake;
Out of temptacioun and ſtriȝf,
76 Lord, kepe us wheþer we ſlepe or wake.

¶ Theſu, for þi woundis fyue,
And for þi [bleſsid] modir ſake,
þe feend away from us þou dryue
80 Whanne deep wiþ us maiſtrie ſchal make,

¶ And ſuffre him not oure ſoule away to take
For whiche on roode þou were to-rent;

Aȝens þi doom we tremble & quake;
84 Do merci tofore þi iugement!

God, þou deeme us riȝtwiȝli,
Medele þou merci wiþ execucioun,

For we han forfetid wrongfulli ;

88 Take hede to *oure* contricioun !

¶ We zeelde us synful & sory

By ¹Knowliche & confessioun ;²

þi passioun & þi mercy

92 We take to *oure* entensioun.

¶ Bileeue is *oure* saluacioun,

With keping^t of þi comaundement.

God, putte þin holi passioun

96 Bitwixe us & þi iugement ! Amen.

² MS. confessoun.

take heed to our
contrition.
We are sinful and
sorry.

[¹ Page 58.]

We plead Thy
sufferings:

put them between
us and Thy
Judgment.

[“As y gan wandre,” printed below, follows here.]

The Robe of Jesus.

(Pages 90-102, written without breaks.)

Love in Christ is
everlasting life;

Loue is lijf þat lastip ay
þere it is in crist made fest,
Whanne wele ne wo it slake may,

4 As *writen* han men wisest.

it turns work into
rest.

¶ þe nyzt it turnep in-to day,
Traueile it turnep in to rest :

If þou wolt do as y þee say,

8 þou schalt þanne be with þe best.

Love is like a fire;

¶ Loue is a þouzt with greet desijr,
And also of a fair loouynge;

Loue y likne in-to a fier

12 þat slakeen may for no þing.

it cleanses us of
sin.

¶ Loue clensip us of oure synne,
loue oure blis schal bringe,
Loue þe kingis herte may wynne,

16 loue of ioie euere may syng.

The help of Love
reaches to heaven.

þe socour of loue is liftid hie,
For into heuene it ran ;

Me þenkip in herte þat it is slize,

20 þat makip þe peple boþe pale & wan.

[Page 91.]

¶ þe beed of blis it goip ful nyz,—
I telle þou it as y can,—

þerof us þenkip þe wey to drie,

24 For euere loue couplip god to man.

It couples God to
man.

- ¶ Loue is hetter þan þe cole
 To hem þat of it is fayn & frike,
 þe flawme of loue, who myȝte it þole,
 28 If it were euermore lijke :
 ¶ Loue us heliþ, & makip in qwart,
 And liftip us up in-to heuene-riche,
 And loue rauischip crist in-to oure herte,
 32 I woot nowhere no loue it is lijke.

Love is hotter
 than coal ;

It cheers us, and
 lifts us to heaven.

- ¶ Leerne to loue if þou wolt lyue
 Whanne þou schalt hens fare ;
 Al þi þouȝt to him þou zeue
 36 þat may þee kepe from care ;
 ¶ Loke þou þin herte fro him not twynne
 þouȝ þou wandre euery where,
 So þou may weelde him *with-inne*,
 40 And loue him hertili euermore.

Learn to Love

God, and put not
 thine heart from
 Him.

- Ihesu, þat me loue hast lende,
 In-to þi loue þou me bringe,
 Take to þee al¹ myn entente
 44 þat þou be to me myn ȝerninge,
 ¶ And þat synne from me awei were went,
 And loue come myn owne coueitynge,
 þat my soule hadde herd & hent
 48 þe songe of þi sweete louyng.

[Page 92.]
 Jesu! bring me
 to Thy Love

that sin may leave
 me,

and my soul may
 hear the song of
 Thy loving.

- ¶ þi loue is to us euerelestyng
 Fro þat tyme þat we may it verrili fele,
 þerinne make we euere brennyng,
 52 þat no þing may it uerrili keele.
 ¶ Mi þouȝt, take it into þin hand,
 And stable þou it ilke a dele,
 þat y be no þing hildande
 56 To loue uerrili þe worldis wele.

Thy Love lasts
 ever.

Take my desire to
 Thee

that I may not
 love the world.

¹ *al* in margin.

If I love any
earthly thing,

¶ If y loue any erpeli þing
þat' paieþ to my wille,
And sette my ioie in foule likinge,

60 Whanne it may come me tyll.

[Page 93.]
at my death it
will be poison

I may drede at my departynge
þat' it wole be attir & ille,

For alle my welþis ben wepinge

in hell.

64 whanne peyne my soule wolde spille.

Earthly joy,

¶ þe ioie þat' men heere seen

Is ful likinge vnto þe izee ;

now fresh and
green, soon fades.

þat' now is fair, freische, and grene,

68 And anoon aftir is welkid away :

Such is the world ;

¶ þis is þe world, alle men moun seen,

And wole be vnto domysday,

toil and trouble.

Ful greet' traueile, & myche tene ;

72 To flee þat' is ful hard in fay.

If you leave evil,

¶ If þou leue yuel in al þi þouzt,

And hate þe filthe of synné,

and give yourself
to Christ,

And ȝeue to him þat' þee dere bouzt,

76 þat' he weelde þee with-inne,

¶ Al þi soule þi lord haþ souzt,

And þerof he wolde not' mynne ;

He will bring you
to bliss.

þus schalt' þou to blis be brouzt,

80 And wonye heuene wiþ-ynne.

[Page 94.]
Love is trusty and
true,

¶ For-loþe þe kinde of loue is þis,—

þere it' is trusty and trewe,—

To stoonde euere in stabilnes,

never changing.

84 And chaunge neuere for no newe.

He who finds it

¶ þat' wist' þat' þat' loue may finde,

Or euere in herte it' knewe,

need not care.

Fro care it' turneþ þat' kinde :

88 Such a mirþe fyndiþ to fewe.

- ¶ For-þi, loue þou as y þee rede ;
 Crist¹ is trewe loue, as y þe telle ;
 Wip aungilis take þou þi stide ;
 92 þat¹ ioie loke þou not felle.
- ¶ In erþe hate¹ þou no maner qweed,
 But¹ loke þat¹ þi loue may dwelle,
 For loue is more strengre þan deed,
 96 Loue is more harder þan helle.
- ¶ Loue is list¹, & a birþun fyne ;
 Loue gladþ boþe ʒonge and oolde ;
 Loue is wiþout ony pyne,
 100 As louers han me toolde.
- ¶ Loue is goostli deli²-cious as wijn
 þat¹ makþ men boþe big & bolde ;
 To þat¹ loue y schal me so faste tyne,
 104 þat¹ y in herte it³ euermore holde.
- ¶ Loue is þe swettiste þing¹
 þat¹ heere in erþe men may han ;
 Loue is goddis owne derlinge ;
 108 Loue byndþ boþe blood & baan.
- ¶ In loue, þerfore, be oure likinge ;
 I knowe no betere won ;
 For me oonli, & my louynge,
 112 Loue makþ boþe but¹ oon.
- ¶ But¹ al fleischli loue schal fare
 As doop þe flouris of may,
 And schal be lastande na mare
 116 But¹ as it were an hour of a day ;
- ¶ And sorewen aftir þat¹ ful sare
 Hir lust, her pride, & al her play,
 Whanne þei aren cast¹ in care,
 120 In-to pyne þat¹ lastþ ay.

Christ is true
Love.

Let thy Love be
His.
It is stronger than
death and hell.

Love gladdens
young and old.

[² Page 95.]
It is delicious as
wine.

Hold fast to it.

Love is

God's own
darling.

Let our delight be
in it.

Fleashly love is
like May flowers,

lasting only an
hour.

And after comes
sore sorrow

in hell.

¹ I *love*.

³ *it* in margin.

[Page 96.]
When men rise
again,

if they have
sinned here,

they shall lie in
hell.

Rich men shall
rue their sin in
hell.

But Love, and
then you'll sing
to Christ.

Jesu, Son of God!

send Love into
my heart!
[1 Page 97.]

Be my Love!

Jesu, maiden's
Son!

Pierce my soul
with thy spear.

Make my heart
light in thy
sweetness.

¶ Whanne her bodies in þe fen liggen,
þanne schulen her soulis be in drede,
And up aȝen as men schulen risen,
124 And answe're for her mys dede.
¶ If þei be seen þan in syȝne,
And now heere þer liif þei ledde,
þan schulen þei ligge helle wiþ-inne,
128 And derkenes haue to mede.

¶ Riche men her hondis schal wrynge,
And her wickid werkes abie
In flawmes of fier bitterli brennynge,
132 Wiþ care and sorewe schamefastli.
¶ If þou wolt loue, þan may þou synge
To þi lord crist in melodie:
þe loue of him ouercomeþ al þing;
136 In loue lyue we & die.

Ihesu! god-is sone þou art,
lord of moost hiȝ magiste,
Sende verrili loue in-to myn herte
140 Oonly ¹to coueite þee!
¶ Reue me likinge of þis world,
Mi loue þat þou may be;
Take myn herte in-to þi ward,
144 And sette þou me in stabilte!

¶ Ihesu! þou, þe maidens sone,
þat with þi blood me bouȝte,
þirle my soule with þi spere anon,
148 þat myche loue in men hast wrouȝt.
¶ Me longiþ þou lede me into þi siȝt,
And fastne þere in þee my þouȝt;
In þi swetnes make myn herte liȝt,
152 þat al my woo wexe to nouȝt.

¶ **I**hesu, my god & my loueli king!
 Forsake þou not my desir;
 Mi þouȝt make to be meekinge;
 156 I hate bope pride & ire.
 ¶ þi wil is al my desiryng;
 Of loue kyndeþe þou þe fier,
 þat y *with* þi sweete louynge
 160 Wiþ aunȝils take myn hire.

¶ Wounde þou myn herte wiþ-inne,
 And weelde me at þi wille;
 Of blis þat neuere schal blyne,
 164 þou fastne me þat y not spille.
 ¶ þat y þi loue may wyne,
 Of grace my þouȝt þou fille,
 And make me cleene of synne
 168 þat y may come þee tille.

¶ Ihesu! putte in-to myn herte
 þe memorie of þi pyne!
 In sijknēs,¹ and eek in qwarte,
 172 þi loue be euere myne!
 Mi ioie is al of þee;
 My soule, take it as þine;
 Mi loue euere wexinge be,
 176 So þat y neuere dwynne.

¶ My loue is euere in sizinge
 While y dwelle in þis way;
 Mi loue is in þee longynge,
 180 þat bindiþ me niȝt & day
 ¶ Tille y come vnto my king,
 þere y wone *with* him may,
 And se his fair schynynge
 184 In lijf þat lastiþ ay.

Jesu, my God!

make me meek;

kindle within me
the fire of Love!

Wield me at Thy
will,

[Page 98.]
that I may win
Thy love

and come to Thee.

Jesu, remind me
of Thy sufferings.

give me Thy
Love,

take my soul as
Thine.

My Love sighs

and longs .

till I come to my
King

in Life that lasteth
aye.

¹ MS. lijknēa.

- ¶ Longinge is in me so lent
 For loue, þat y ne can lete ;
 Christ has sent
 me His Love,
 188 þat euery bale may bete ;
 ¶ Sipen þat myn herte was brent
 In cristis loue so sweete,
 All woe has left
 me.
 192 And we neuere aȝen schulen mete.
- ¶ I sitte and synge of loue longynge
 þat in my ¹breſt is now bred.
 [1 Page 99.]
 Jesu, my joy,
 196 Whi ne were y to þee led ?
 ¶ Ful weel y woot in al my ȝernynge,
 In al ioie, y schulde be fed.
 bring me to Thy
 dwelling.
 200 Ihesu ! me brynge to þi woniynge,
 For þe blood þat þou haſt bleed.
- ¶ Demed he was on a crosse to heng,
 þe fair aungelis foode ;
 scourged,
 204 Wiþ scourgis þei gan him sore swing
 Whanne þat he bounden stooode ;
 ¶ His brist was bloo in betyng,
 Not spilt was his blood ;
 and crowned with
 thorns.
 208 þe þorn crowned þat king
 þat doon was on þe roode.
- White was His
 breast,
 [See *Political*
E. and L. Poems,
p. 214.]
 wan his face,
 212 White was his nakid breest,
 & reed his bloodi side,
 Wan was his face faireſt,
 Hiſe woundis depe & wide.
 ¶ þe iewis wolde not þan reſte
 To pyne him more in þat tide ;
 down his blood
 did glide,
 216 Al he ſuffride þat was wiſeſt,
 Hiſ blood to lete doun glide.

- ¶ Blyndid were hise faire y3en,
 And al his fleisch bloodi for-bete ;
 Hise ¹louesum lijf þat alle men size[n],
 220 Ful myldeli he out gan lete.
- ¶ Deed & lijf bigunne to striuen
 Wheþer my3t be maister þere ;
 Liif was slayn, & roos a-3en ;
 224 In-to blis ful fair may we fare.
- ¶ He þat þee bou3t haue al þi þou3t,
 And lede he it in to his loore ;
 3eue al þin herte to crist in qwarte,
 228 And so to loue him euermore.
- ¶ I size, y sobbe, boþe day & ny3t,
 For oon þat is so fair of hue ;
 þere is no þing myn herte may li3t
 232 But his loue þat is so true.
- ¶ Who so hadde him in his sizte,
 Or in his herte him knewe,
 His moornynge schulde turne into ioie bri3t,
 236 His longynge into glewe.
- ¶ In mirþe lyueþ he ny3t & day
 þat loueþ þat sweete childe ;
 Wrappe wolde from him away,
 240 Were he neuere so wielde.
- ¶ It is ihesu, forsoþe to say,
 Of alle meekist & myelde ;
 He þat in herte him loueþ þat day,
 244 From yuel he wole him schielde.
- ¶ Of ihesu þanne moost list me speke,
 þat may of al my bale be bote ;
 Me þinkeþ myn herte wole al to-breke
 248 Whanne y þinke on þat soote.

[¹ Page 100.]
 out he let his
 lovesome life.

Life was slain,

but rose again to
 give us bliss.

Give thy heart to
 Christ !

I sigh and sob for
 Him ;

nothing but He
 can comfort me.

He alone can

turn mourning
 into joy.

He who loves
 Jesus,

[Page 101.]

meekest and
 mildest of all,

will be shielded
 from evil.

Of Jesus I must
 speak,

for He has caught
my heart in Love.

¶ In loue lauzt' he hap my þouzt',
þat' y schal neuere for-lete ;
Ful dere me þinkeþ he hap me bouzt',
252 Wip bloodi heed, hondis, & feete.

For Love my
heart will burst
when I see Christ.

¶ For loue myn herte wole to-berste
Whanne y þat' fair loue biholde ;
Loue is ful fair þere it is fest',
256 þat' neuere wole be coolde.

Love is the best
of all works.

¶ Loue us reueþ þe nyztis rest ;
In grace it' makip us boolde ;
Of alle werkis loue is þe beeste,
260 As holi men me hap tolde.

I sigh when I
think on Jesus

¶ No wondir if y sizhande be,
And sipen in woo al bi-sett' ;
Ihesu was nailid upon þe tree ;
264 þhe, al bloody for-beet'.

nailid on the
Cross,

¶ To þinke on him is greet' pitee,
To se how tenderli he gret' ;
þis hap he suffride, man, for þee,

[Page 102.]
suffering for man.

268 If þat' þou wolt' þi synnes leett'.

The sweetness of
Christ's Love
none can tell.

¶ þere is no lijf in erþe may telle
Of þis loue þe swetnes :
þat' stidefastli in loue can dwelle,
272 His ioie is euere eendeless.

God keep him
who Loves, from
hell.

¶ God schielde þat' he schulde to helle,
þat' of loue longinge kan not' ceesse,
Or euere hise enemyes schulde him qwelle,
276 Or þat' he so his loue schulde lese.

Jesus is the Love
that lasteth aye.

¶ Ihesu is þe loue þat' lastip ay,
To him is oure longinge.
Ihesu þe nyzt' turneþ to day,
280 And derknes in-to day spryng'.

<p>¶ Ihesu ! pinke on us now and ay, For þee we holde oure kyng ! Ihesu, geue us grace þat weel may, 284 To loue þe <i>with</i> oute eendynge !—A-M-E-N.</p>	<p>Jesu, think on us, and give us Grace to love thee ever. Amen.</p>
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["The good wijf," printed in *The Babees Book*, &c., follows.]

Se what oure Lord Suffride for oure Sake.

[Pages 117—120, written without breaks.]

Make good cheer
in Christ's name.

See what he
suffered for our
sake.

Like Him let us
suffer too.

If friends forsake
us, let us think

on Jesus,

how all his
disciples fled but
Mary and John.

If wrong be
wrought us,

God may help at
need: think how
[Page 118.]
Christ has bought
us with His
blood.

BOthe 3onge & oolde, whepir 3e be,
in cristis name good cheer 3e make,
and liftip up 3oure hertis, & se
4 What' oure lord suffride for oure sake.
as meeke as ony lombe was he,
ensaumple of him weel mowe we take,
& to suffre also in oure degre,
8 & in his seruice euere to wake.

And if oure freendis forsake us heere
so þat we be left al aloone,
þinke on *ihesus* þat bou3t us dere,
12 & to him make we al oure moone;
¶ For of þat lord weel may we leere
What' wrong' he suffride among' hise foon;
Whanne hise disciplis fledden for feer,
16 þer bood no mo but marie & iohne.

If ony wrong' to us be wrou3t,
Be it' in word eiper in dede,
Be of good hope 3it' in þi þou3t
20 How god may us helpe alle at' neede,
And þinke we how *ihesus crist* us bou3t,
& for oure synnis hise blood wolde blede;
for his owne gilt was it' nou3t,
24 for he dide neuere synful dede.

- ¶ If wickid men do us defame,
 pinke how crist was bouzt & solde;
 to suffre for him is no schame,
 28 but him to serue loke we be boold.
 And if men hurte us in oure name,
 We must forzeue, boþe zonge & olde,
 For pouz we suffre myche blame,
 32 crist suffride moore a þousand foold.
- And of pouert pouz we wolde playne,
 for þat we wanten worldli good,
 pinke we on ihesu, þat lord souereyn,
 36 how pore he heng' upon þe roode,
 ¶ And how he stryued not ageyn,
 but euere was meeke & mylde of mood.
 to folewe þat lord we schulden be fayn,
 40 in what degre þat euere we stood.
- & pouz we haue sorowe on ech side,
 & al aboute wrong' & woo,
 3it' suffre meekeli, & a-bide,
 44 And pinke on ihesu þat suffride also,
 and how he was in ful greet drede,
 Vnto hise peynis whanne he schulde go;
 he suffride moore in hise manhede
 48 þan euere dide man, or euere schal do.
- ¶ þouz we with wrong' to deep be brouzt,
 3it' suffraunce is a sikir way
 For þe loue of ihesu þat us dere bouzt
 52 & deide for us on good friday;
 Wherefore us pinkip in oure þouzt
 þat we oure lord schulde please & pay,
 And we to sette þis world at nouzt,
 56 And suffre we wickid men to say.
- In ihesu crist was meekenes moost,
 And þefore he þe maistríe hadde,

If men defame us,

let us suffer for
Christ,

and forgive.

He suffered 1000
fold more.If poverty pinch
us,think how Jesus
hung, poor, on the
Cross,

meek and mild.

Follow Him.

If sorrow come,
and wrong,still suffer meekly
and think on
Jesus
[Page 119.]who suffered more
than any man.If we be wrongly
brought to death,

yet suffer still

and please our
Lord.Christ, through
meekness,
overcame

and bound the
Devil,

And boond þe feend for al his boost
60 *þat' he was neuere so sore adradde.*

and brought
Adam, Eva, and
others, from hell.

¶ *Al azens his wil & al his oost*
Adam & eue with him he ladde,
And many moo out of þat' coost
64 *þat' weren in prisoun ful hard bistadde.*

If you follow
Jesus,

And if þou in ihesu haue delite,
þouȝ al þe world do þee assaile,
Do aftir þis, & þou schalt' wite
68 *þat' meekenes ¹Wole þee moost' availe;*
For who þat' suffrip heere dispite,
And meekeli a-bidip in þat' bataile,
it wole turne hem to greet' profite
72 *& eendlees ioie for her trauaile.*

[¹ Page 120.]
you shall find that
Meekness will
prevail,

bringing you to
endless joy.

If any man do
you wrong,

¶ *If ony man do to us a mys,*
Or wole in ony wise to us offende,
for þe loue of ihesu haue mynde on þis,

for Jesus' love

76 *& lete meekenes þi mood ameende*
wip ihesu crist', as oon of his,

suffer it; you
shall dwell with
Him in bliss.

And suffre meekeli what' god wole sende,
þanne schal we be with him in blis
80 *þat' euerschall laste wipouten eende. A-M-E-N.*

[“How mankinde dooþ bigynne,” pp. 58-78 of this Text,
follows here.]

I wiyte my silf myn owne Woo.

[*Lambeth MS.* 853, *ab.* 1430 A.D., *page* 226-33.]

- ¹ **I**N my 3onge age ful wielde y was,
 Mi silf þat tyme cowde y not knowe,
 Y wolde haue my wil in euery place,
 4 And þat hap now brouȝt me ful lowe.
 þinke, ihesu, how y am þin owe!
 For me weere þi sidis bope pale & bloo!
 To chastise me þou doist it, y trowe;
 8 Y wiyte my silf myne owne woo!
- ¶ I made couenaunt, true to be,
 Firste whanne y baptisid was;
 Y took to þe world, & wente from þee,
 12 Y folewide þe feend al in his traas;
 From wrappe and enuye wolde y not pas;
 Coueitise and auarise y usid also,
 My fleische hadde his wille, alas!
 16 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!
- ¶ Now y woot y was ful wielde,
 In þat my wil passid my witt;
 Y was ful sturdy, & þou ful myelde;
 20 Ihesu, lord, y knowe weel it.
 Of þi blis y were ful qwytt
 If y hadde aftir þat y haue do;
 But to þi merci y truste ȝitt,
 24 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!
- In my youth I
 was very wild,
 and that has
 brought me low.
 But, Jesu, think
 how I am thine.
 I blame myself
 for my woe.
 I kept not my
 baptismal
 covenant,
 but followed the
 devil,
 let my flesh
 have its will,
 and was
 rebellious.
 But, Jesu,
 [Page 227.]
 I trust to Thy
 mercy.

¹ I goes to line 7.

I was proud and
extravagant,

¶ I was hiȝ of herte and stowte,
And in my cloþing' wondre gay;
I lokide men schulde vn-to me lowte

caring only for
women and dress.

28 Where-so þat y wente bi þe wey.
Faire wommen, and good aray,
Al myn entent' y took þer-to;
Aȝen þi techinge euere y seide nay;

32 I wite my silf myn owne woo!

I trusted riches,
not God,

¶ I trustide more to worldli good
þan to god þat it me sente;
Weelþe made me hiȝ of mood;

and stuck at
nothing to get
money.

36 Lust' and likyng' me ouer wente.
To gete good y wolde not' stente,
Y ne rouȝte how y come þer-to;
To þe poore y neiþer ȝaf ne lente;

40 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

[Page 228.]
Lord, I feard
Thee not,
but Thou

¶ Lord, y hadde no drede of þee;
Mi grace wente away þefore;
But, lord, as þou bouȝtist me,

suffered'st for me.

44 So lete me neuere be for-lore.
For me þou suffredist peines sore;
þou art' my freend, and y þi foo;

Have mercy on
me!

Mercy, lord! y wole no more;
48 Y wiyte my silf myn owne woo!

Three evil things
ruin a man.

¶ þer ben .iiij. poyntis of myscheef
þat' ben confusioun to many a man,
Which þat' worchen to her soulis greet' greef;

I. The desire of
poor men to look
like rich ones.

52 Y schal hem rehersen as y can.
Poore men proud, þat' litil han,
þei wolen be a-raied as riche men goo;
þei hindren hem silf & opir þan,
56 And mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

II. The covet-
ousness of rich
men,

¶ A riche man, þeef, is anothir,
þat' of coueitise wole not' slake;

- If he *wit*h wrong^r bigile his broþir,
 60 Heuene blis he schal forsake;
 Bifore god, for þeeftē it' is take,
 Al þat *wit*h wrong^r he wyneþ so;
 But if he here a-meendis make¹
 64 he schal wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

cheating others,

[Page 220.]
 which with God
 is theft.

[¹ MS. made]

- ¶ An oolde men lecchour, þe þridde it' is,
 For his complexioun wexiþ coolde;
 It bringeþ þe soule to payne from blis,
 68 It stinckeþ on god so manye foolde.
 Theise .iiij. þat y haue of toold
 Ben pleasinge to þe feend oure foo;
 Hem to use, who is so boold,
 72 May wiyte *him* silf his owne woo.

III. The lechery
 of old men.

These three please
 the Devil.

- ¶ Manye defaultis god may fynde
 In vs þat schulde hise seruauantis be;
 He schewiþ us loue, & we vnkinde,
 76 Certis þe more to blame be wee.
 Summe staren broode & moun not' se,
 Synne is þe cause it' fariþ soo;
 Suche dreden not' god, y seie to þee,
 80 And may wiyte *hem* silf her owne woo.

God shows us

love, and we look

away from Him
 through sin.

We may blame
 ourselves for our
 own woe.

- ¶ In .iiij. þingis y dare weel sayn
 god schulde be worschipide ouer al þing^r;
 do riztwijsnes *wit*h merci *wit*h al þi mayn;
 84 þe þridde is cleennesse in lyuyngē:
 To bishopsis & curatis þat han kepinge,
 it' is her charge, & to lordis also.
 and if þei contrarie god-is biddinge,
 88 þei may wiyte *hem* silf her owne woo.

[Page 230.]

In three things
 we should
 worship God,
 Righteousness,
 Mercy,
 Chastity,
 which bishops,
 curates, and lords
 are bound to keep.

- ¶ wrong^r is an hiȝ seete þere rizt' schulde be,
 merci for mys deede is putt' away;

Wrong is now set
 up where Right
 should be.

Letcherie drives
away Purity.

letcherie hap made clenness to flee,
 92 Loue may not abide nyght ne day.
 þus þe feend, y dare weel say,
 wole make oure freend oure moost foo :

Man, amend, or
blame yourself
for your own
torment.

96 Or wiyte þi silf þin owne woo.

I must be troubled
while I follow my
own will.

¶ It is no wondir þou; y be woo
 myn owne wil while y wole sewe,
 & my lordis bidding wole not doo :

100 y am ful fals, but he is trewe,
 And ȝit he fyndip me with al þing newe,
 And y serue þe feend, and go him froo ;
 But if y amende, it schal me rewe,
 104 And may wiyte my silf myn owne woo.

[Page 231.]

I serve the devil.

Priests, knights,
and labourers
shall all suffer if
they do wrong,

¶ In þre degrees þe world kept is,
 With preestis, knyȝtis, and laborere,
 And which of hem þat doon amys,
 108 þei schulen it abie wondir deer.
 Bi good ensaumplis þe preestis schuld lere
 þe vnlearned how þei schulden doo :
 If her word & werk coorde not in fere ;

and blame them-
selves for their
distress.

112 þei mowe wite hem silf her owne woo.

Lords should

¶ Knyȝthode also, lordis, ne opir,
 Schulden not be of conscience light,
 þei schulden helpe her poore suster or broþer,
 116 And also strengþe hem in her ryght
 þoruȝ pride & coueitise summe leesen her myȝt ;
 For letcherie, grace is kept hem froo ;
 If þei biholde her owne in-syght,

help the poor,

but instead often
oppress them,

and when in woe
will have to blame
themselves.

120 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne woo.

[Page 232.]

Labourers should

¶ þe laborer schulde truly traueile þan,
 And be riȝtful boþe in worde & deede,

- And what-euere werkis þat' he can,
 124 And resonabli to take his meede.
 Wrongfulli summe her lijf heere lede
 Among' leerned & lewde it' is founde so,
 And in her laste eende it' is to drede
 128 þei mowe wiyte hem silf her owne wo.
- ¶ Man, take hede what' þou art':
 But' wormes meete! þou woost' weel þis;
 Whanne þat' þe erþe haþ take his part',
 132 Heuene and helle schal haue his.
 If þou doist' weel, þou goist' to blis;
 If þou do yuel, þou goost' to þi foo;
 Loue þi lord god, & þinke on þis,
 136 Or þou wite þi silf þin owne woo.
- ¶ Now ihesu crist', oure sauour:
 From oure foos þou vs defende;
 In al oure nede be oure socour,
 140 Heere & whanne we hens wende,
 And sende us grace so to amende,
 His blisse þat' we may come vnto,
 Heere to make so good an eende
 144 þat' wee not' cause oure owne woo.
 Deo gracias.

work well, and
 take reasonable
 wages.

But some do
 wrong,

and will have to
 blame themselves.

Man, worms'
 food, thou must
 go

to bliss or hell.

Do not have to
 blame thyself for
 thy woe.

Christ, defend us,

here and
 hereafter.

[Page 233.]

Bring us to Thy
 bliss, that we may
 not cause our own
 woe.

[End of the MS. In a later hand is "This is *sir*
 Hary myndes booke, Record¹ of John Dauis, & of *sir*
 John George & of *Sir* Robert george fines" (?).]

¹ May be *Recevd.*

The Vixtnes of the Name Iesus.

[Page 88.]

This name, Iesus,
when thou
speakest it, it
shall be honey in
thy mouth and
melody in thine
heart.

[* Page 89.]

Think on Iesus;

it drives out the
devil, and opens
heaven.

Also hail Mary
often.

Keep Love in
thine heart, for
Love is the ful-
filling of the Law.

IF þou wole be weel *with* god, *And* haue grace
to reule þi lijf, *And* come to þe ioie of loue, þis name
ihesu, fastne it so fast in þin herte þat it come neuere
4 out of þi pouzt. And whanne þou spekest to him,
& seist ihesu þoru3 custum, It schal be in þin eere
ioie, *And* in þi moup hony, *And* in þin herte melo-
die, For þou schalt þinke ioie to heere þe name of
8 ihesu be nempned *,² swetnes to speke it, Myrþe &
song to þinke on it. If þou þinke on ihesu con-
tynueli, And holde it stabli, It purgip þi synne, it
kyndelip þin herte, It clarifip þi soule, It remeueþ
12 anger, it doip a-way slownes, It wyndip in loue
fulfillid of charite, It chasip þe deuel, it puttip
out drede, It openep heuene, it makip contemplatijf
men haue in mynde ofte ihesu, For alle vicis &
16 fantums it puttip fro þe louer. Also þerto heile ofte
marie boþe day & nyzt, *And* þanne myche ioie &
loue schalt þou fele. And þou do aftir þis lore, þe
needip not greetli coueite many bookis. Holde loue
20 in herte & in werk, *And* þou hast al þat we may
seie or write, For fulnes of lawe is charite: In þat
hongip al.

* There is a curl of contraction as for *er* over the second *e*.

A Song Called
Þe Deuelis Parliament,
 OR
Parlamentum of Feendis.

(*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., Pages 157—182.*)

Whanne marye was greet *with gabriel*,
 And had conceyued & boren a childe,
 Alle þe deuelis of þe eir, of erþe, & of helle,
 4 helden þer paralamēt of þat maide mylde,
 ¶ What man had made her wombe to swelle.
 “To tempten hir ȝe tenden to seelde;
 her childis fadir who can telle,
 8 Who dide *with* hir þo werkis wiede?”

When Mary had
 given birth to
 Jesus, all the
 Devils held a
 consultation as to
 who had begotten
 Him.

¶ In helle þe feendis þoo answeride,
 “We knew neuere fadir þat he hadde,
 But amongis prophetis we haue leerid
 12 þat god *with* man haþ couenaunt maade:
 ¶ A serpent in deseert was rerid,
 So schal god-is sone in man be had,
 þe soule of him schal be vnspereid,
 16 his herte to-cloue, and he for-bleed.

The Hell-Devils
 did not know, but
 had learnt from
 Prophets

that God's Son
 was to be raied
 in man, and to
 suffer death;

¶ Þese prophetis speken so in myst,
 What þei mente we neuere knewe;
 þei spoken of oon schulde hote crist,
 20 But maries sone hiȝte ihesu;

[Page 158.]

and that one,
 Christ, should
 come; but Mary's
 Son was Jesus.

Also that Christ
should be one
with God; but
Jesus was not.

So the Devils
were puzzled.

But they agreed
that if God sent
His Son into
man's body,

they would claim
Him as theirs,
because He'd be
of man's nature,

and though of
alien begetting,
yet sown in
Adam's ground,
[Page 159.]
and to be reaped
by them,
God notwith-
standing.

The Master Devil
undertook to
tackle Jesus,

make a fool of
Him, and bring
His soul to hell.

For 30 years they
tried

¶ And þei seiden þat crist with god schulde be
a-twist,

But þis ihesu neuere in þe godhede grew ;
We ben bigilid alle wip oure lyst.

24 þe cloop is al of anothir hew ;

¶ And þouȝ god make hise parlament
Of pees, mercy, trouthe, & resoun,
And from heuen til erþe his sone be sent

28 In mankinde to take a cesoun,

¶ We schulen ordeyne bi oon assent
A priuey councell al of tresoun,
And clayme ihesu for oure rent :

32 For þat he is kinde of man, it is good chesoun.

¶ Write we his name, wheþer we spede,
Sipen to us he is vnknownen,
For þouȝ he be come of straunge seed,

36 ȝit in adams grounde was he sownen.

¶ Whanne he is ripe, do we oure dede ;
Loke we þat we him boþe repe & mowen,
For þouȝ god him silf oure rollis rede,

40 Bi rizt we chalenge ihesu for oure owne."

“**T**o me, maistir deuel, it liȝs ;

To ihesu wole y take hede,

To norische him in manye delijs,

44 His freel fleische boþe to cloþe & fede ;

¶ And þouȝ þat he be neuere so wiȝs,

ȝit out of þe wey y wole him lede,

And make of him boþe fool and nyce,

48 And in helle his soule brede.”¹

¶ þus deuelis þer wilis caste

Wip þer argumentis greete,

& þritti ȝeer þei foondid faste

¹ This line added at bottom.

52 To tempte ihesu in manye an hete.

¶ "In to a wildirnes with ihesus y paste,
Of him knowliche for to gete,
And fourty daies þere he faste

56 Wipoute sleep, drinke, or meete."

to tempt Jesus,
and went to a
wilderness

where he fasted
40 days.

¶ þe maistir deuel wondre þouzte
Of ihesus stalworþe complexioun ;
Bi manys fode lyuede he nouzte,

60 But bi praiers and deuocioun.

¶ "But whazne he bigan to hunger, as me þouzt,
To tempte him þanne y made me boun :
'Lo, heere be stoonys hard y-wrouzte,

64 Make herof breed, y seide, to mannis foisoun.'

[Page 160.]
The Master Devil
wondered at
Jesus' constitu-
tion, living only
on prayers ;

but at last
tempted Him,

'Here are stones,
make them
bread.'

¶ 'Forsope,' ihesu seide, 'not' oonli in breed
is verrili mannis propir lyuyng,
But in euery worde of þe godhede

68 To body and soule is coumfortyng.'

¶ Vpon an hiȝ pinnacle þanne y him brouzte,
And left him þere, and leep a-downe,
And seide, 'saue þee harmelees, lyme & heed,

72 And kipe now maistries while þou art' zonge.

Jesus said, 'Man's
food is not bread
alone, but every
word of God.'

The devil took
Him to a pinna-
cle, leapt down,
and asked Him to
follow.

¶ If þou be god-is sone, lete se ;
Of þee is writen longe a-goon,
'Aungils in hondis schullen beere þee

76 Lest' þou spurne þi foot' at a stoon.'"

¶ Quod ihesu, 'in holi writt' þou maist' se,
Tempte not' þi lord god lyuyng aloone ;
Wip al þi myght and þi pooste

80 þou schalt' him serue, and opir noone.'"

'Angels shall
bear Thee in their
hands lest Thou
strike Thy foot
against a stone.'

[Page 161.]
Jesus said,
'Tempt not thy
God, but serve
Him with all thy
might.'

¶ þe deuel siȝ it' myght' not' geyn ;
Of ihesu his purpos he gan mys ;
He brouzte him til an hiȝ mounteyn,

Then the Devil
brought Him to
a mountain,

showd Him all
the world's riches,
and said,

'Worship me, and
all this is Thine.'

'Begone, Satan,
from heaven !

Thy Lord God
only shalt thou
honour.'

'Alas,' said the
Devil,

'I am sore hit, I
never stood such
an attack.'

[Page 162.]
Again the Devils
held their Parliam-
ent in the mist.
'Some one is
coming to ride
our home.'

Once his name
was John the
Baptist, then
Jesus, then
Christ.

He has never
sinned in lust,

but has resisted
temptation.

He said He would
throw down the
Temple, and raise
it on the third
day.

At His birth

84 And bad him do as he wolde wys.

¶ And þere he schewide him upon þat pleyne,
Iewels, ritchesse, and worldli bliasse ;

" Worschipe me here, & bicomc my swayne,

88 And y schal zeue þee al this."

¶ " Go, sathanas ! from blis þou flit,
From heuene riche, þat rial tour !

It is writen oonli in holi writt

92 ' þi lord god þou schalt honour.'

¶ " Alas," quod þe deuel, " where hast þou þat
witt?

þi wordis are bittir, þi werkis aren sour,

þi conclusioun so soore me knyt,

96 I abood neuere so scharp a schour."

¶ þe deuelis gadriden þer greet frame,
And heelden þer parlament in þe myst.

" Oon wolde riflee us at hame,

100 And gadere þe flour out of oure gryst ;

¶ Neewe gilours wolde waite us schame,

Oon[ys] men clepid him iohne þe baptist,

But now he hap turned, ihesus is his name :

104 þat first hiȝte ihesu, now is clepid cryst,

¶ I siȝ him neuere rage ne plawe,
But euere in stabilnes he is ay,
And streitely kepiȝ god-is lawe,

108 And stijfly wiȝ-stoondiȝ myn assay ;

¶ To werkis of vice wole he not drawe ;

A wondir worde y herde him say,

þe greet temple he wolde doun þrawe,

112 And reise it aȝen on þe pridde day.

¶ Whanne he was born, wondris bifel :
Ouer al was pees, boȝe eest and west,

In rome of oile þere sprong¹ a welle,
116 From tristiuer¹ to tybre it¹ ran prest.

a well of oil
sprang up in
Rome; temples
fell; idols broke.
[Page 163.]

¶ In rome þer tempris doun felle,
þer mawmetis didn al to-brest,
Aungils to scheperdis glorie gan telle—
120 'In erþe, to al mankinde, boþe pees & rest.'

Angels announst
Peace on earth
to all mankind.

¶ þe emperour in rome stood hiȝe,
þre sunnis in oon he siȝ schyninge clere,
In þe myddis of hem a maiden he siȝe
124 A man childe in her armes beere.

The Emperor saw
three Suns in
one; in their
midst a Maid with
a child.

¶ þe emperour & eek sibile spoken prophesie,
And þei acordiden boþe in feere,
And seiden 'god-is sone mankinde schulde bie;
128 It is þe tokene, þe tyme neiȝeþ neere.'

He and the Sibyl
prophesied, 'God's
Son shall redeem
mankind; the
time draws nigh.'

¶ Also þre kingis come fro fer,
To worschipe ihesu al þei souȝte;
þat¹ reisid eroudis herte þere
132 þem to slee, for þei so wrouȝte.

Three Kings came
from far to
worship Jesus,

¶ Bi þe liȝtynge of a sterre,
To ihesu alle þre presentis þei brouȝte;
Homeward an aungil tauȝte hem nerre
136 A-noþer wey þan þei had þouȝte.

led by the light of
a Star, bringing
presents.

¶ þanne y counsellid eroud *with-inne* a while
To distroie þe former prophesie,
þat¹ alle men children in towne & pile
140 to slee þem, þat¹ ihesus myȝht *with* hem die.

[Page 164.]
The Devil advised
Herod

to slay all the
male children,

¶ He ascapide in to egipt¹; in þat¹ while
þer mawmetis fil doun from an hiȝe;
he knew my þouȝte, & siȝ my gilee,
144 y myȝhte not¹ hide me from his yȝe.

but Jesus escaped
into Egypt,

detecting the
Devil's guile.

¶ To tempte ihesu it¹ wole not¹ auaile;
Of þe worldis good hap he no neede;

'It is no good to
tempt Him;

¹ Is this *Trastevere*.

- the more I work,
the worse I speed,
- and the less He
heads me.
- If I tempt Him
- to lechery,
He escapes by
chastity.
- [Page 165.]
He abides in
charity,
and will not be
covetous.
- I can't make Him
stumble.
[1 P coole, scoole.]
He never went to
school, and yet
I saw Him argu-
ing against all
the Doctors.
- He calls Himself
God's Son.
- He makes the
crooked straight,
- gives sight to the
blind, sense to
madmen,
- and drives out
devils.
- [Page 166.]
He turns water
into wine;
- I leese on him so myche trauaile,
þe more y so worche, þe worse y spede;
¶ With þe scharper a-sautis y him assaile,
þe lasse of me he stoonðiþ in drede,
þe bolder in bikir y bidde him bataile,
þe lasse of me he takip hede.
- ¶ For if y tempte him in wrappe or pride,
Wip pacience and mekenes he sconfitiþ me;
If y tempte him to lecherie, y muste me hide,
He voidiþ me of wip chastitee.
- ¶ In glotenie & enuye wole he not abide,
But is euere in mesure and in charitee;
In coueitise & auarise wole he not ride,
but is euere in largenes and in pouerte."
- ¶ þe deuel seide, "neiþer in hoot ne coolde¹
I may not make him stumble ne falle;
I nyste him neuere goo to scoole,¹
And 3it' oonis y siȝ him spute in þe scoole halle:
¶ He satte him silf on þe hiȝest' stoole,
And argued aȝens þe maistris alle;
Summe callid him wijs, summe callid him foole,
But 'goddis sone' he him silf doop calle.
- ¶ Hise werkis passen mannis kinde,
For crokid & creplis he makip riȝt;
For deaf, & dombe, & boren blynde,
he ȝeueþ hem speche, heeryngi, & sight.
- ¶ Woode men, he ȝeueþ hem þer mynde,
And makip mesels hool and liȝt;
A legioun of feendis in a man he dide finde,
Alle he drofe out þoruȝ his myght.
- ¶ Wiyn of watir he makip blyue,
And doop manye a wondir dede,

- Wip two fyschis, and loues fyue,
 180 fyue þousand men y saw; him fede.
 ¶ Twelue leepis of releef þerof dide priue
 To men, women, & children, þat' hadden nede ;
 Deed men he reisid from deep to lyue,
 184 And ȝit' weriþ he neuere but' oo wede.

feeds 5000 men
with two fishes
and five loaves,
leaving 12 baskets
of fragments,

and raises the
dead to life.

- ¶ He handliþ neiþer money ne knyf,
 Neiþer in synne desiriþ he ony woman to kis ;
 But' oonis he saued a weddid wijf,
 188 In spousebriche þat' hadde doon mys.
 ¶ He is so wondirful in lijf,
 I can not' knowe weel what' he is ;
 I wolde we hadde eendid oure striif ;
 192 He is oute of oure bookis, & we out' of his.
 2.¹

He desires no sin
with woman,
and yet once
saved an
adulteress.

He is such a
wonder I cannot
make out what
He is.

He is out of my
books.

- A fitte. **S**ipen y him first' tempte bigan,
 I siȝ him neuere chaunge hewe ;
 Oonys he bad me 'go, foule sathan !'

I have never seen
Him change
colour, though
once He reproved
me.

- 196 Euere-more þat' reproof y rewe.
 ¶ In werkis he is good, in persooone a man ;
 Lijk to him y neuere noon knewe.
 Where lerned he al þe witt' þat' he can ?

[Page 167.]
 In person He is a
man ; but where
does His know-
ledge come from ?

- 200 For euery day he dooþ wondris neewe.

- ¶ I folewide him oonys to a place,
 To a mounteyne upon an hiȝte ;
 Petir, iames, & iohā, þere was,
 204 Ely & moyses stood þere up riȝt.

Once I saw Him
with Peter,
James, John,
Elias, and Moses.

- ¶ I wolde haue seen ihesu-is face,
 But' y myȝt' not', it' schoon so briȝt' ;
 In þe soopfast' sunne closid it' was,
 208 þe briȝt' beemys blent' my siȝt.

His face shone so
bright

that it blinded
me.

- ¶ To lette þe prophesie soone y went,
 þe iewis to slee ihesu y ȝaf hem chois ;

I gave the Jews
the choice of
killing Jesus.

¹ Apparently 2 in red, partly cut, before "A fitte."

If He dies on the
cross, we are
ruined; so I was
sorry to hear
their 'Crucify
Him,' and set
Pilate's wife to
stop it.

- If he die on þe roode, we schul be schent:
212 I wolde not þat þei hadde zeue þat vois.
¶ Me was woo for þat iugement,
Of 'crucifuge' to heere þe noise;
Pilatis wijf y bad bisily zeue tent'
216 þat ihesu were not doon on þe crois.

[Page 168.]
But the Jews bore
false witness,
and nailed Him on
the Cross till He
died.

- ¶ 3it þe iewis, for hise dedis goode,
Fals witnes vpon him þei berid,
And nailid him upon þe roode,
220 And peyned him þere til þat he deied.

I looked sharp
after His soul,
but couldn't see
where it went.

- ¶ Vndir his lift side y my silf stood,
And aftir his soule ful naruz a-spied;
I wist neuere whidir it 3ode;
224 Whanne he it up 3af, so manly he cried;

The sun and moon
lost their light,

the earth
trembled,

dead men arose.

I lost my senses,

- ¶ þe sunne & moone losten þer light,
þe elementis fou3ten as leit of þundir,
þe erþe qwoke, and mounteynes an hight,
228 Valeis, & stoonys, bursten a-sundir;
¶ Dede men risen þoru3 his my3t
To bere witnes of þat wondir;
My mynde failid, y loste my si3te,
232 I nyste how soone y came þer vndir.

and don't know
where His soul is
gone to.

- ¶ Ihesu is soule is wente, y woot not where,
So priuely it dide from me passe;
Whanne his herte was þirllid with a spere,
236 þanne wyste y weel who he was.

[Page 169.]
But we must get
ready all our
tackle, for He'll
attack us.
Prepare for
defence.

- ¶ Ordeyne we us wiþ al oure gere,
For hidir he þinkip to make a race;
Arise we alle þat ben bounden heere,
240 And foond we to defende oure place,

If He comes, we
must all try

- ¶ For if þat he wole hidir come,
We schulen foonde euery-choon,

Alle to-gidere, boþe hool & some,
244 To teer him from þe top to þe toon."

¶ þanne seide lucifer anoone,
"It is but waast to speken so ;
þe spirit of him is now hidir come

248 For to worchen us alle woo."

to tear Him from
top to toe.
Lucifer said,
'That's no good ;
His spirit is now
here to work our
woe.

¶ þere as þe goode soulis diden in dwelle,
þei cheyned þe ȝatis, and barred hem faste ;
"A! now," ihesu seide, "ȝe princis felle,

252 Openep þe ȝatis þat euere schal laste,

¶ And letip in ȝoure king of blis to helle."
þe deuelis axid him þanne in haste,
"Who is þe king of blis þou doost of telle ?

256 Wenest þou to make us alle a-gaste ?"

The Devils
chaind up and
barrd the gates
where the good
souls were,
Jesus said,
'Princes fell, open
the gates, and let
the King of Bliss
into Hell.'
The Devils askt,
'Who is the King
of Bliss ?'

¶ "Strong god and king of myght,
I am lord and king of blis,
Ouer-comer of deep, myghti in fight !

260 Euerlastyng ȝatis, openep wight !

¶ Boþe pees, mercy, troupe, & right,
I brouȝt them at oon, & made þem to kis ;
Euerlastyng ȝatis, openep on hight,

264 And lete in ȝoure king to take out his !

[Page 170.]
'I am,' said
Christ, 'and over-
comer of death.

Everlasting
gates! open
quickly.

Let in your King
to take out His
own.

¶ For y, þe soule of ihesu crist, am come hider,
Witnes þerof, my body in erþe lieþ deed,
And þe holi goost with þe soule togider

268 þat neuere schal parte from þe godhede.

¶ In heuen blis ȝe stoden full slidir ;
þoruȝ pride ȝe offendid my fadris bede ;
Mannis soule for meeknes schal come þider,

272 þere as ȝe feendis forfetid þat stide."

I, Christ's soul,
am here, though
my body lies
dead.

Ye lost Heaven
from Pride.
Man through
Meekness shall
possess your
seats.'

¶ þanne seide lucifer, "god dide forbede
To adam in paradiis but oon tree,

Lucifer said, 'God
coudemnd

Adam to Hell for
ever.

[Page 171.]
Thou art of
Adam's seed, and
we claim Thee.
There is no return
from Hell.

'True,' said
Christ; 'but the
closed Hell is for
you; this Hell is
free.

Man is redeemd.

Thou art
condemnd.

I sprang not from
sinful seed,

but took flesh in a
maiden sinlessly.

[Page 172.]

When thou
temptedst Adam,

I fought for him,

and now will
defeat thee.'

Lucifer said,

And peyne of deep to haue for þat dede,
276 And aftir in helle euere for to be :

¶ And þou art come of adam seed,
þerfore bi right we chalenge þee,
For in holi writt þou made redē,
280 'In helle is no remedie.' "

¶ Ihesu seide, "lucifer, soop þou tellist me ;
But þou woost not þi silf how
þere is a boonde helle, but þis is free.

284 þe boond helle was ordeyned for ȝou ;
¶ For þat þat man forfetid þoruȝ a tree,
þoruȝ a tree aȝen bouȝt is he now.
þou madist him synne, þe peyne longiȝ to þee,
288 For þou waitist neuere good to mannis prowȝ.

¶ Lucifer, þou me vndir-nome,
And seidist y was of þe seed of adams kyn ;
forsope y out of þe godhede come,

292 And took fleisch & blood a maiden *with-inne*.
¶ for as of þe seed of erþe þer springiȝ blome,
So mette we, & partid wiþoute synne :
þin argument is fals, so is þi doome ;
296 Bi what right woldist þou me wyne ?

¶ Who was cheef of þi counsell
In heuen whanne þou forfetidist þe blis ?
In paradiis adam þou dedist assaile,
300 And temptidist him to forfete his ;

¶ And y in his quarel took bataile
Aȝen my fadir to amende his mys,
Wherfor of þi purpos þou schalt faille,
304 forþi þi quarel nouȝt it is."

¶ þanne lucifer answeride ageyn,
" Whi spekist þou so to me heere ?

It is but wantowne wordis in veyn ;
 308 I trowe þou comest hidir us to fere.
 ¶ Sumtyme whanne y was in heuen an hiȝ,
 þat þat y þere loste for my pride, certeyn,
 Heere-aftir y hope ful sikirly
 312 For to come to þat blis ageyn."

'Thou comest
 here to frighten
 us.

I hope to get to
 heaven again.'

¶ Crist ihesu spak to sathan tho,
 And seide to him in þis manere,
 "It is but waast to speken so,
 316 Or ony suche wordis to seie now here.

Christ answerd,

'That is idle talk.

¶ þat tyme while þou in heuen were,
 Ful myche ioie haddist þou tho ;
 For alle pi felawis, glad were þei þere,
 320 But riȝt soone it was ouer-goo."

[Page 173.]
 While you were
 in heaven you had
 much joy, but it
 soon ceast.'

¶ Lucifer spak to him ageyn,
 And seide to him *with* wordis sere,
 "In þis place y haue dwelled in woo & peine
 324 Moore þan þis .iiij. þousand ȝeere :

Lucifer said, 'I
 have dwelt here
 in torment above
 4000 years ;

¶ Helpe me to þat blis ageyn
 þe which y loste for my pride þere,
 for þere it is myrie in certeyn
 328 To wonye wiȝ rial aungils clere."

help me to bliss
 again,

to merry time
 with angels.'

¶ "I seie þee, lucifer, y schal þee telle,
 Or euere ony þing was wrought—
 Heuene or erþe, eir or helle,—
 332 Forsoþe þoo y made þee of nought.

Christ answerd,

'Before the
 heavens were

¶ In heuen whanne þou stoodist in wele,
 I made þee aboue aungils alle,
 But þerof rauȝt þou neuere a deel,
 336 Suche pride in þin herte gan falle.

I made thee of
 nothing,

and set thee above
 the angels.

¶ In heuen whanne þou were at pi wille,
 þou myȝtist haue be in pees & reste ;

[Page 174.]
 In heaven

I gave thee my
seat when I went
away, and when
I came back thou

said'st thou wast
the worthlier,

and thou never
repentedst.

Adam did;

he asked mercy.

God sent me here
for that, and let
me die.

In His name, open
your gates.

Like lightning
the gates burst.

[Page 175.]
Christ took
out Adam and all
His chosen ones;
and all sang
thanks, namely,

Adam,

Noah,

Abraham,

Moses,

David,

I took þee my seete ful stille,

340 It to ȝeme þou were ful prest;

¶ And while y wente where me list,

And come aȝen a-noon in hiȝe,

þou seidist þat þou were worpiest,

344 And to sitte þere as weel as y;

¶ And þou repentidist þee neuermore,

But euere aggregidist þi trespas.

Adam wepte & sizede soore,

348 And askid mercy & oile of grace;

¶ My fadir sende me hidir perfore,

Vpon a tree leete deef me chase,

A spere þoruȝ myn herte gan boore,

352 & leete out þe derworpiest oile þat euere was.

¶ In my fadris name of heuene

Opene þe ȝatis aȝens me!"

As liȝt of leite, and þundir leeme,

356 þe ȝatis to-burste, and gan to flee;

¶ God took out adam and eue ful euene,

And alle hise chosen companye.

þe prophetis seiden with mylde steuene,

360 "A song of wondris now synge we."

¶ "A, ha!" seide Adam, "my god y se;

He þat made me wip his hond!"

"I se," seide noe, "where comeþ hee

364 þat sauede me bope on watir & londe!"

¶ Quod abraham, "y se my god so free

þat sauede my sone fro bittir bande!"

þo seide moyses, "þese tablis he bitook me

368 His lawe to preche and vndirstande!"

¶ Quod Dauid, "we spoken of oon so grym

þat schulde breke þe brasen ȝatis."

- Quod Zacharie, " & his folk out nym,
 372 And leue þere stille þo þat' he hatis." Zachariah,
 ¶ Quod symeon, " he liztneþ his folk in dym,
 Lo where derknes schendip her statis. Symeon,
 þo seide iohne, " þis lomb, y spak of him,
 376 þat' al þe worldis synne a-batys." and John the Baptist.
- ¶ Oure lord them took bi þe hond,
 And brouzt' þem to þe place of blis,
 And seide to them, y vndir-stonde,
 380 " þis bargeyn y haue bouzt' her, þis :
 ¶ For riche & pore, free and bonde
 þat' wole axe grace and ameende þer mys,
 Schulen be with þou heere pleyande ask grace, and
 384 In my kingdom, heuene blis." amend their sine
- ¶ Thus ihesus crist' harewide helle,
 And ledde hise louers to paradijs :
 Of þe opere hellis wolde he not melle,
 388 Where feendis blake bounden lijs,
 ¶ And where dampned soulis euere schulen dwelle
 þat' wolen not' do weel, but' euere be nyce,
 Turmentid with horrible deuellis of helle
 392 þat' sumtyme were aungils of prijs. tormented by
 horrible devils.
- ¶ Helle reprevud þo þe deuel sathan,
 And horribli gan him dispice,
 "To me þou art' a schrewide captayn,
 396 A combrid wretche in cowardise."
 ¶ þo seide lucifer, " siþen þe world bigan
 I haue brouzt' hidir manye a greet' price
 Hidir into helle of al kinde of man,
 400 Boþe þe false, foolis, and þe wise. and Christ too;
 but Hell wouldn't
- ¶ Helle, so worschipide neuere þou were
 If þou cowdist' haue kept' þee soo ;

[Page 176.]
 Christ led
 them to bliss, say-
 ing he had bought
 it for all who will

Thus Christ
 harrowd Hell.

But the other
 hells he wouldn't
 touch, where
 fiends and damnd
 soules ever
 dwell,

tormented by
 horrible devils.

Then Hell re-
 proacht Satan
 with cowardice.

[Page 177.]
 But Lucifer justi-
 fied himself; he
 had brought all
 kinds of men
 there,

keep them.

I brouzte þee hope god & man in fere ;
404 Whi were þou so nyce to leete him go ?”

Hell said he
couldn't help it.

¶ Quod helle, “not wiþ þi poowere
I myzte not werne him oon of tho ;

Christ took them.

He took out alle þat were him dere ;
408 I myzte not lette him, þouȝ he wolde mo.”

Beelzebub barrd
up the gates, but
Christ broke them
through with a
word.

¶ Quod belsabub, “y barrid ful faste
þe ȝatis with lok, cheyne, bolt, & pyn ;
And with oo word of his wyndis blaste
412 þei broken vp, and he came ynn.

After the Doom
comes endless
torment.

¶ He boond me, and downe me caste ;
it is to us no bote to stryue with him ;
Whanne þe dreedful doome is come & paste,
416 Oure eendeles peyne is þanne to bigynne.”

[Page 178.]
Jesus rose on the
third day,

¶ þouȝ þe iewis dide ihesu to die,
ȝit on þe þridde day he roos to liif aȝen ;
It was to him moore victorie
420 þan þowȝ he hadde alle þe iewis sleyn.

and was seen by
many ;

¶ Summe were glad whanne þei him siȝe,
Summe were sory, summe were fayne,
And sumtyme in oon companye
424 Amonge .v. hundrid he was seyn.

once in a company
of 500.

To Mary Mgda-
lene He said

¶ Of oynement ful manye a drope,
Marie mawdeleyne to ihesu sche brouzte ;
Ihesu wente fro a litil a-slope,
428 And seide, “mawdeleyn, towche me nouȝt.”

‘Touch me not,’
but to His
disciples,
‘Handle my
wounds ; I have
flesh and blood,
which ghosts
have not.’

¶ Alle hise discipulis weren in wanhope ;
For to coumforte them ihesu þouȝte,
And bad hem hise woundis handle & grope,
432 “I haue fleisch & blood ! so spiritus haue nouȝt.”

To Thomas

¶ Thomas was of right hard bileewe
Til he hadde spoke wiþ ihesu tho :

- Ihesu spak wiþ wordis breue,
 436 "Come hidir, thomas, & speke me to ;
 ¶ For here þou maist now þe sooþe preue,
 How þat y on þe roode was y-doo ;
 And he þat wille not on it bileue,
 440 Schal be dampned to peine for euermo."
- ¶ þanne seide ihesu wiþ myelde speche
 To hise disciplis, "y wole 3e goo
 To alle creaturis aboute, to preche
 444 Myn uprisynge, to freende & foo ;
 ¶ And þo þat bileeuen þat 3e teeche,
 Bodies and soulis saued ben thoo ;
 And þo þat bileeuen not, y seie to eche,
 448 þo schulen for euere to peine goo.
- ¶ From 3ou, feendis schulen flee for my name ;
 Eddris & venym schal from 3ou steele ;
 þou3 3e drinke poison, it schal not 3ou tame,
 452 Neþer harme 3ou, ne noo greef feele.
 ¶ I schal newe tungis in 3ou frame
 Alle maner of langagis forþ to deele ;
 And þo þat 3e touche, sike or lame,
 456 Body and soule y wole hem heele."
- ¶ Oure lord, aftir his resurreccioun, here
 In erþe he was forsoþe dwellynge
 Til hooly þursday comen were,
 460 þat he stiȝ to heuene, where he is king.
 ¶ At þe dreedful doom, wiþ-out lesing,
 Boþe quicke and deede þere schal he deme.
 God 3eue us grace in oure lyuyng
 464 To serue oure god, & marie to qweeme.
- ¶ Of alle þe children þat euere were borun,
 Saue oonli crist him silf a-loone,

Jesus said,
 'Come and see
 the proof that I
 was crucified.
 [Page 179.]
 He who will not
 believe it shall be
 damnd.'

To His disciples
 He said, 'Go and
 preach my upris-
 ing to all people.

They who believe
 it shall be saved ;

they who do not
 shall go to hell.

Devils shall flee
 from you,

poison shall not
 hurt you.

You shall speak
 all languages, and

heal all sick you
 touch.'

[Page 180.]
 Christ remaind
 on earth till Holy
 Thursday, and
 then ascended
 into heaven.

He shall judge the
 living and dead.

Next to Christ

the holiest child
was John the
Baptist, who
baptized Christ

Was no on so holi here biforn
468 As was þis holi child seynt iohun
¶ þat baptisid oure lord in flom iordon
Wip ful deuout & good deuocioun,
And after for ihesus loue to deep gan goon,
472 And suffride ful mykil passioun.

Christ's blessed
Mother was

¶ Now schal y telle with ful good cheere
Of þat holi assumpcioun
Of his blessid modir dere,

taken up to her
Son
[Page 181.]

476 How sche was taken up with greet deuocioun

by angels, and
crownd

¶ Vnto hir blessid sone, as his wil were,
þat þerto sente hise aungils a-down,
& vp þei baren þat maiden cleere;

Queene of Heaven,

480 Queene of heuen þere þei dide hir crowne.

while all the
angels sang

¶ þanne alle aungils þat were in heuene
Were at þe crownynge of þat maide free,
And songen alle with mylde steuene

Glory to God.

484 "Gloria tibi domine."

May we all see
that sight!

¶ þat is a song of ioie and blisse!
God geue us grace þat sigt to se,
Of his mercy þat we nougt mysse,

488 Qui natus es de virgine.

This song is
called '*The
Devil's Perla-
ment*,' and is read
on the first Sunday
in Lent.

¶ þis song þat y haue sunge 3ou heere,
Is clepid 'þe deuelis perlament':
þerof is red in tyme of 3eere

492 On þe first sunday of clene lent.

He who would
go to heaven
must keep clear
of the devil.

¶ Who-so wole haue heuen to his hire,
Kepe he him from þe deuelis combirment;
In heuene his soule may þere be sure

496 Wip aungils to pleie verament.

[Page 182.]
There is no trif-
fling in this tale.

¶ þis lessoun was made but late;
þere ben no triflis in þis tale;

þe deuēlis boost þus gan he bate,
500 Oure curteis crist, oure king^r riale.

¶ He helpe us in alle at^r heuene ȝate,

Wip seintis to sitte þere in sale!

Crist! kepe us out^r of harme and hate,

504 For þin hooli spirit^r so special!

This is how
Christ humbled
the Devil.

May He help us
into heaven, and
keep us out of
harm!

Explicit parlamentum of feendis.

[The *Diatorie* printed in *The Babees Book*, or *Manners & Meals*,
&c., follows here.]

The Mirror of the Periods of Man's Life.

OR

BIDS OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES FOR THE
SOUL OF MAN.

[Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 120-150, written without breaks, till near the bottom of p. 131, as marked by the inseting of the even lines here.]

Man's birth is
wonderful! Be-
gotten in sin,

endangering his
mother's life.

Poor he comes;
poor he goes.

I dreamt I saw
a new-born child
[¹ Page 121.]

go into the desert,
and be taken in
hand by an
Angel-friend and
an Angel-foe.

The *World* told
the Child it gave
him food and
clothes.

- H**ow mankinde doop bigynne
is wondir for to scryue so ;
In game he is bigoten in synne,
4 þe child is þe modris deedli foo ;
Or þei be fulli partide on tweyne,
In perelle of deed ben boþe two.
Pore he come þe worlde with-ynne,
8 Wiþ sorewe & pouert^t oute schal he goo.
In wyntir nyȝt^t or y wakid,
In my sleep y dreemed so ;
I saw a child modir^t ¹nakid,
12 New born þe modir fro.
Al aloone, as god him makid,
In wildirnesse he dide goo,
Til two in gouernaunce it^t takid,
16 An aungil freende, an aungil foo.
Quod þe world to þe child, "how many foolde
Hast^t þou brouȝt^t richesse? now late se :
þou schuldist deie for hunger and coolde
20 But^t y lente meete & cloþe to þee :

- I wole þee fynde til þou be oolde ;
 How wolt' þou quyte it me ?"
 Quod desteine, " he is bouzt' & soolde."
 24 Quod deef, " his eende make schal we."
- Quod þe child, " y come poore þe world with-
 inne
 To pursue a wondirful eritage :
 Nakid out' of þe wyket' of synne,
 28 Of the perellis of streite passage,
 To seke deef y dide bigynne,
 þat ilke dredful pilgrymage,
 Mi body & soule to parte a tweyne,
 32 To make a deuourse of þat mariage.
- Liztnesse, strenþe, corage & bewte,
 þe comaundementis þat god bede ;
 Lust, liking, & iolite,
 36 .vij. werkis of mercy ¹and þe crede.
 Veyn glorie, flaterynge, and vanyte,
 Sowowe, sizing', loue, & drede,
 To the child her seruice profren he,
 40 For helle peyne or heuene meede.
- Thanne come oon & stood ful stille,
 And his seruice profride he :
 " þese folke wolde þi silfe spille
 44 To make þee bonde ; y wole make þee free.
 þei han þee tauzt' boþe good & ille ;
 From her councel fast' þou flee,
 For my name is freewille ;
 48 Leue alle hem & folowe me."
- The ȝonge childe in studie stood,
 And in herte wittis souzte.
 Conscience mengid his mood,
 52 " Mi fair childe, what' hast' þou þouzt' ?

How would he
pay it for them ?

The Child :
I came to seek
a wondrous
heritage ;

to seek Death ;

to divorce my soul
from my body.

Bodily gifts, and
God's Command-
ments,

the Pleasures of
this life, its

[¹ Page 122.]
Sorrows, and the
Works of Mercy,

offer to lead the
child to heaven
or hell.

Freewill says,

I will make thee
free ;

leave all others,

and follow me.

Conscience says,

know evil from
good;

Freewill will
make thee mad;

know me,
Conscience;

[¹ Page 123.]

cultivate
Prudence;

beware of Reck-
lessness.

At *seven* years
old the Child

is urged by the
Good Angel to

honour his
parents:

by the wicked
Angel to despise
them;

by the Good to

bridle his tongue;

by the Wicked
give it license.

[¹ Page 124.]
Childhood lasts
from seven

to *fourteen*.

I am Conscience, knowe yuel & good,
We two to rekenyng must be brougt:
Biwaare! free wille wole make þee woode;
56 Free wille *withouthen* witte is nougt.

For my name is Conscience;
To knowe me þou must bigynne;
Discrecioun is my science,
60 Vicis & Vertues ¹to voide a twynne.
A-queynte þe weel *with* Prudence,
He lediþ alle vertues out & inne;
Bi waar of richelees, for he wole make diffence,
64 For he is leder of al synne.

¶ Whanne þe child was .vij. jeer olde,
Passyng sowkyng of milke drewis,
þe good aungil þe childe dide weelde;
68 Al vertu to him þan soone he schewis:
“To fadir & modir honour þou ȝeelde;
Loue god, & drede, and be of good þewis.”
þe wickid aungil bad him be boold
72 To calle boþe fadir & modir schrewis.

Þe good aungil badde him “be mylde
From al woo, it wole þee werre:
þat man may hiȝe housis bilde
76 þat his tunge can weel for-beerre.”
Quod þe wickid aungil, “while þou art a child,
With þi tunge on folk þou bleere;
Course of kynde is for ȝouþe to be wilde,
80 To beete alle children, and do hem deerre.”

Thus at ¹vij. jeer age childhood bigynnes,
And folowith folies many fould;
Afterward his childhode blynnes;
84 Whanne he is fourtene ȝeer oolde,

- þanne knowliche of manhode he wynnes,
 þe .vij. vertues wiþ him wonne wolde ;
 þanne comeþ þe .vij. deedli synnes
 88 With þe wickid aungil housholde to holde.
- Q**uod resoun, " in age of .xx. 3eer,
 Goo to oxenford, or lerne lawe."
 Quod lust, " harpe & giterne þere may y leere,
 92 And pickid staffe & buckelere, þere-wiþ to
 plawe,
 At tauerne to make wommen myrie cheere,
 And wilde felawis to-gidere drawe,
 And be to bemon¹ A good squyer
 96 Al nyȝt til þe day do dawe."
- Q**uod conscience, " þat axiþ coost ;
 þe moore þou spendist, þe lesse þou hast ;
 þi tyme, þi leernynge boþe ben loost,
 100 þi freendis good þou spendist in waast."
 Quod lust to conscience, " ȝouþe so muste ;
 ȝouþe can not kepe him chast."
 " Good conscience, goo preche to þe post,
 104 þi councei saueriþ not my tast.
- P**ouȝ Conscience bidde me be stille,
 I wole holde forþe þat y bigan ;
 Al my lust y wole ful-fille,
 108 I wole spare no womman ;
 Conscience wolde binde me to skille,
 And make me his bondman.
 Fareweel Conscience ! weelcome frewille !
 112 I wole lerne no more good þan y can."
- N**ow vicis & vertues wole not slake,
 Now man is .xx. wyntir in age :
 Quod pride, " no man þou forsake,
 116 I wole þee sette in þe hiȝest stage."

Then the Seven
Virtues and the
Seven Mortal
Sins strive for the
boy's soul.

About twenty
years old, Reason
advises man
study ;
Lust advises
music, staff-play.

women, and
wild companions.

Conscience says
these will waste
time and learning.

Lust poohpoohs
that ; and the
[Page 125.]

young Man scorns
it ;

his lust will spare
no woman ;

he will not be a
servant to con-
science, but to
Freewill, and
learn no good.

After twenty
years old, come
the advices of
Pride,

¹ bemon^d is the name of a dog : ? poaching.

- Gluttony, Quod glotenyē, "nyzt & day þou wake;
Ete late & eerli in outrage."
- Lechery, Quod lecherie, "þi seed richelees þou schake,
120 And make no force of no mariage."
- Wrath, Quod wrappe, "loke þou bere þee bolde;
What man þee teene, His heed þou breest."
- Envy, Quod enuie, "þi foote þou holde,
[Page 126.] 124 And pursue ¹for to passe þe beest."
- Sloth, Quod sloupe, "in zoupe, or þou be oolde,
Leerne for to take þi reest."
- Covetousness, Quod Coueitise, "wynnen y wolde."
- Avarice. 128 Quod auarise, "locke me in þi cheest."
- Pride says, wear long pockets, and slaht (?) clothes;*
- 132 "Apparaile þe propirli," quod Pride,
"Loke þi pockettis passe þe lengist gise;
Slatre þi clothis bope schorte & side
Passinge alle opere mennis sise;
And where þat þou goo ouþer ride,
Do no reuerence to foole ne wise;
Late no poore neiþbore þryue þee biside;
136 Alle oper mennis councel loke þou dispise."
- reverence no one,
oppress the poor,
despise advice.
- Meekness says:
Pride will bring you to woe.*
- 140 "Bi waare," quod Meekenes, "how pride doop
wys;
He zeueþ but woo & wyssche to wage;
Of aungelis bewte þe prijs was his;
In heuene on þe hizest stage,
He wolde haue peerid with god of blis;
Now is he in helle moost loopeli page.
þat feendis forfeitid for her mys,
144 Is now meeke mannis eritage."
- Once he was lovely in highest heaven,
now he is loathsome in hell,
and meek man has his inheritance.*
- Wrath advises:
meddle in every quarrel,
[Page 127.]
wrong or right.*
- 148 Quod wrappe, "From þat councel flee,
þou art stalworpe, zonge, and lizte,
Of all quarellis medle þou þee
Bope of wronge & of rizte.

- Who dar bete þee, nay lete be,
 Riche or poore, weike or wiȝte,
 Loke þou bere þee boolde on me,
 152 And y for þee wole chide & flizte."

I will bully for
 you.

- P**anne up stood Paciens,
 "As wrappe biddiþ do not soo,
 For wrappe haþ no Conscience,
 156 He makip ech man operis foo;
 þer-with he getip his dispence,
 þat schulde be freende, to make hem foo.
 Praie god, he be þi diffence,
 160 þat þou be not founde in þe noumbre of þoo."

Patience warns

him against

Wrath,

who makes
 friends foes.

- Q**uod enuie þanne, "y wole þee leere
 To make þi lord to þee tame;
 Be homeli, & rowne in his eere,
 164 And bringe trewe folk in fals fame.
 Make him þi suget, to þee to swere
 þat he schal not discure þi name;
 So make him fals witnesse to bere,
 168 And gete þee richesse wiþ god-is grame."

Envy counsels
 man to whisper
 evil reports of

true men under a
 promise of
 secrecy.

- P**anne up roos a souereyn uertu
 þat is clepid Charite:
 "Loke þou not hise maners sue,
 172 For god-is enemy soþeli is he.
 Do þou to euery man þat is due
 As þou woldist he dide to þee."
 Quod Coueitise "and alle folk were trewe,
 176 Many a man schulde neuere þee.

Charity says,

Envy is God's
 enemy.

[Page 128.]
 'Do to others as
 you would they'd
 do to you.'
Covetousness
 advises man to

- C**aste þee faste to Coueitise,
 Make sotil þi wittis, & forge wilis,
 And preue þat trewe men be nyce,
 180 For so þe fals þe trewe bigilis;

scheme and cheat,

and so grow rich. Such ben worschipid & holden wise,
 bei purchasen hem townes, maners, & pilis,
 And truþe wolde wite where þi lordschip lijs ;
 184 Make heggis bi-twene þou, and no stilis."

*Bounty in Alms-
deeds says, Give
to the poor,*

Quod largenes in almesse dede,
 "Coueitise counsellip þee amya.
 3eue to þe pore, & þou schalt spede
 188 þe bettir, þe gospel seiþ þis ;
 For at þe doome þere þou schalt drede,
 Crist' wole rehearse of þee y-wys
 þo werkis of merci, as clerkis reede :
 192 If þou hast' doon hem, þou goost' to blis."

and at the
Judgment

you'll go to bliss.

*Gluttony says,
Love your belly,*

"**M**an, loue þi wombe," quod Gloteny,
 "Leie mete upon meete, & ete faste ;
 But leue not' þi crummes drye,
 196 Drinke þou til þe ful flood be paste.
 Leue clenness, & use harlotrie,
 But neuere a day loke þou ne faste ;
 In þi wombe make þi tresorie,
 200 Of þeenis þanne þou schalt' not' be agast."

eat and drink ;
fornicate, and
never fast.

[Page 129.]

*Moderation says,
Gluttony makes*

men beasts, and

drunkenness
blinds their souls.

Quod Mesure, "man ! haue me in mynde.
 God made man suget' to resoun :
 Wat' turneþ a man to beestis kinde
 204 But etynge & drynking' out' of sesoun ?
 Drunkelew folk ben goostli blinde ;
 For faute of witt' her lijf is gesoun ;
 In ydil oopis wasten þei her wynde :
 208 To repreue suche, god fyndip enchesoun."

*Sloth says, Never
go to church,*

don't mind good
advice,

Quod Slouþe, "bisynesse y þee forbade ;
 To chirche neiþer goo ne renne ;
 Who techip þee good, take noon hede,
 212 Azens oo worde 3eue him ten :

Seie 'alle folk ben not sotil in dede ;'

Excuse þee so bi oþer men,
And ȝeue hem myche maugre to mede

216 þat ony good þee wolde kenne."

excuse yourself
by others'
example.

Quod Besinesse, "man! of Slouþe be waare ;

He is assigned to helle for synne ;

In good lyuyng þi wittis ware,

220 To drede god þou muste bigynne ;

þi fleischeli lustis þou muste spare,

For viciis and vertues wole void atwynne ;

In besinnessis hous is good weelfare,

224 And Slouþe haþ hunger and cloþis þinne."

*Business warns
man against
Sloth.*

Fear God, and
deny your lusts.

[Page 130.]

*Business brings
welfare.*

Quod leccherie to man, "loue þanne weel me,

þi lustis with wommen þou fulfille,

For if þou in ȝouþe sparist þanne þee,

228 þou maist falle in greet perille.

ȝouþe ful of corage wole be ;

þou muste haue helpe, or ellis spille ;

Spare no womman, y councelle þe,

232 þouȝ summe cryen neuere so schille."

Lechery says :
Satisfy your lust
with women ;

youth will be gay.

Spare no woman.

Quod Chastite to man, "loo,

Herken how leccherie dooþ speke !

Whanne þou þi foule luste hast doo,

236 Bi waare him þanne ! he wole þee þrete,

And seie 'for þou hast so doo

þou must suffre peynes greeþe ;'

And but if god help þee þo,

240 Soone in wanhope he wole þee lete.

*Chastity warns
man that Lust
when gratified
will threaten him
with*

torments, and
he'll fall into
despair.

Quod þe good aungil, "ȝit þee auiþe ;

Lerne witte while þou art heere ;

He is a foole þat may be wise,

244 In heuene comþ no foolis to ȝeere,

*The Good Angel
tells man to
consider,*

and not be a fool,

[Page 131.]

as God refuses
reckless fools.

God doop richeles foolis refuse
þat kunnen no good, ne noon wole lere ;
If wordis excuse, werkis accuse,

248 þat makij hem worse þan þei were."

At thirty years
old, man boasts
of his powers.

"IN pritti 3eer now y abide ;
In discrecioun I haue in-sijt,
Loueli to goo, and to ride,

252 Ful of manhode & of myzt."

Conscience re-
proves him for
his vices,

Quod Conscience, "vertues þou puttist aside,
And norischist vicis day & nyzt."
Quod man in scorn, "lo, Conscience doop chide !

256 For losse of catel he dar not fikt."

and shows him
the cost of Pride

"**M**an, kepe þi richesse," quod Conscience,
"To maynteine pride, it costij greete ;

(as against
Meekness),

It costij nouzt, meekenesse ne pacience,

260 But it axij greet coost to chide & to beete.

of Lechery,

Leccherie axij greet dispense,

It distroieþ mannis kindeli heete ;

Guttony,

And glotenie coostij wipouten diffence

264 Boþe in diuerse drinkis and meete.

"**I**T costij greet to use a synne

Envy,

þat is clepid foule Enuye,

[Page 132.]

For it fretij man with-inne ;

268 Bodi & soule it doop distroie.

Sloth,

Sloupiþ prifte, it is ful pinne,

It costij myche in slouþe to lie ;

Covetousness,
and Avarice.

And Couetise al þe world wolde wynne,

272 And Auarise aftir more doith crie."

Man justifies
himself.
Youth must do
folly, or Age
would have no
wisdom.

Quod man to Conscience, "3ouþe axij delice ;
For 3ouþe þe course of kinde wole holde ;
But 3ouþe were a foole and nyce,

276 How schulde wijsdom be founde in oolde.

pe corage of 3oupe, and oolde wise,
 Makip 3onge men to be boolde;
 In witt of oolde, worschipe lijs;
 280 In pe witte of wise, kingdom is holde.

"**P**ou wastist pi wynde & spillist pi speche,
 pi wordis me is loop to heere;
 And y dide as pou doist me teche,
 284 I schulde neuere make myrie chere.
 Wenest pou with pin hond heuene to reche?
 pin arme wole not be so longe to 3eere;
 Now, good Conscience, & pou wolt preche,
 288 Goo stele an abite, & bicomme a frere."

'I hate to hear
 you, Conscience,
 trying to stop my
 merry-making.

If you will preach,
 steal a cow! and
 be a friar.

Quod man, "y pleie, y wrastile, y sprynge,
 dese ioies wolen neuere wende me fro;
 Now alle gamys hom y brynge;
 292 What such as y am, per ben no moo:
 I leepe, y daunce, y skippe, y synge,
 I am so myrie y can not seie hoo."
 Quod Conscience, "pou schalt weepe & wringe
 296 Whanne pei take her leue to goo."

[Page 183.]
 I play and wrestle,

dance and sing,
 and never cry
 Halt!
 Conscience.
 'You'll weep
 when that's
 over.'

"**M**yn izen ben cleere & bri3t as glas,
 Mi lire as lillye and roose of hewe,
 Of schappe & strengpe alle folke y passe,
 300 And euere my uertu wexip newe."
 Quod Conscience, "y loue pee weel pe lasse,
 pou usist ne werkis of good vertu."
 "Goo, Conscience, pou lewde asse,
 304 I kepe not pi maneris to sue."

Man.
 'My eyes are
 bright,

and I'm stronger
 than any other
 man.'

Conscience.
 'You do no good
 works.'
 Man.
 'Conscience,
 you're an ignorant
 ass.'

Quod man, "Myne age is fourti 3eere."
 Quod pe world, "y offre to pee my weele."
 Quod strengpe, "late no man be pi peere."
 308 Quod corage, "late no man with pee deele."

At forty years
 old, man is ad-
 vised by the
 World,
 Strength,
 Courage,

[Page 134.]

Lust,
Health,

Conscience,

Quod luste and liking, "make good cheere."

"I am al hool wiþ þee," quod heela.

Quod Conscience, "wistist' þou what þese were ?

312 At nede wole faile þi fleische so freele."

Quod Conscience to man in trouþe,

"Traueile in trouþe in tyme is beste."

Quod trouþe, "gete þee richesse nouþe

and Truth.
Get riches in
youth that shall
do for age.

316 Wherwiþ in oolde to haue þi reste ;

þou; age can as he cowthe,

Myzt' & corage he haþ looste,

He kepþ his soule þat' kepþ his mouþe,

320 For þe soule to þe fleisch is but' a goost."

At fifty years old,

"N^Ow am I fifti ȝeere y-wis,

Myn heer bigynneþ to change his hewe."

Conscience tells
man to do good
works.

Quod Conscience, "flee from alle vice,

324 And use werkis of good vertu,

Late not' þi werkis preue þee nyce,

Loke þat' þou euere be founden trewe."

He prefers
covetousness.

"Fare weel Conscience, weelcome Coueitise !

328 To be richee now y wole pursue."

[Page 135.]

Conscience dis-
suaues him ;Overhope makes
him sin ;

Despair helps too.

Quod Conscience, "þat is idil bisynesse,

Nedelees richesse to gadre soo ;

Overhope is þe cause y-wisse,

332 He wenep ameende al er he goo."

Wanhope seiþ, "kepe weel þis,

For þe world wole faile us two."

Quod Conscience, "chaunge not' heuen blis

336 For helle peyne, sorowe, and woo."

At sixty years
old, man
laments his evil
doings."I^N sixti ȝeere myn age is piȝte,

Myn ȝen daswen, myn heer is hoore ;

In my werkis y haue febil in-siȝte,

340 I fynde no vertu in my stoore.

- How schal y reckene *with* god almyȝt?
 I am aschamed wondir soore."
Quod Conscience, "certis it' were riȝt
 344 To be holi now or neuere moore."
- Quod* ȝouthe to age, "what doist þou nowþe?
 Hange up þin hachet & take þi reste;
 þe sunne is past fer bi þe sowthe,
 348 And hiȝeth swiþe in to þe weste."
Quod man, "y serued þee in ȝougþe
 And al þe tyme myne eruest' leste,
 Wiþ sorowe of herte & schrifte of mouþe
 352 To god ȝit' haue y kepte þe beste."
- "*A*ge, calle aȝen ȝistirday to-morne;¹
 And alle þi werkis, bigynne hem newe."
Quod man, "þouȝ þou speke in scorne,
 356 þou techist' me good þat' y neuere knewe;
 I wole bipinke me on my werkis biforn,
 Do almes dede, praie, & rewe,
 And goddis mercy schal ynne my corn,
 360 And fede me wiþ þat' þat' y neuere sewe."
- "*I*N ȝougþe whanne y was wilde & stronge,
 þe fals world fair dide me wowe,
 Me þouȝt' ech worde a myrie songe,
 364 Wiþ pipis, and dauncis, & mirpis y-nowe.
 Now seiþ he, he loued me to longe,
 For myn heer bigynneþ to blowe;
 To þi mercy, lord, me vndirfonge,
 368 þe tyde is ebbid, & no more wole flowe."
- "*P*e candel of lijf þi soule dide tende:
 To liȝte þee hom," resoun dide saye.
 "Micke of my candel in waaste y spende,
 372 Manye wickid windis haþ wastid it' away;

How shall he
 reckon with God?

'Be holy now or
 never.'

Youth taunts the
 old man:

he is past and
 gone.

[Page 186.]
 The old man

repents and will
 serve God.

[¹ MS. to-morowe]
 Youth mocks him
 again.

The old man
 learns from the
 scorn,

will pray and
 sorrow, and God
 will do his corn.

'When young,
 the false world
 wooed me,

but in his age has
 left me.

Have mercy on
 me, Lord.

[Page 187.]
 My candle of life
 I let winds of
 wickedness waste;

I can scarcely
hold its end.

Vnneþe y holde my candelis eende,
It is past euensonge of my day ;
To reepe myn heruest, whidir mai y winde ?
376 Mi londis of vertues liggen al lay.

I lived in the
Devil's service,
with late suppers
and late rising.

“ ¶ Whanne zoupe was maistir, y was page,
We lyueden myche in þe feendis seruice,
Wip rere souperis and wickid outrage,
380 Ligge longe in bed, loope to arise.

Now the wise
reprove me,

Now haue y nouzt' but' wisschis to wage,
And myche reproof amonge þe wijse ;
þei þat' loueden me in zoupe, hatiden me in age,
384 And vnkindeli me diden dispice.

and former
friends hate me.

I wonder why the
world was made.

“ **N**ow haue y greet' meruaile
þe world to man whi it was wrouzte ;
Fele temptaciouns now me assaile,
388 I haue no reste for chaunge of pouzte.
Whanne y schulde reste y haue greet' merueile ;
In bed to sleepe whanne y am brouzte,
I se but' drede and greet' bataile
392 Al manns lijfe, and it be seuzte.

I have no rest,
[Page 138.]

and see nothing
but battle and
dread.

The world has
forsaken me ;

my sins accuse
me ;

fiends threaten
me ;

Death shakes his
spear at me.

“ **T**hus þe fals world hap forsaken me ;
For waste of hise goodis he accusiþ me ;
þe synnes þat' y loued, now haten me,
396 To Conscience þei adwiten me ;
Feendis preten faste to take me,
And steren helle houndis to bite me ;
Deeþ seiþ, my breed he hap baken me ;
400 Now schakeþ he his spere to smite me.

I am like a stag
at bay.

“ **P**us y am huntid as an herte to a-bay,
I not' whidir y may me turne,
Myne enemyes myztili me assay,
404 I waxe feble and vnourne ;

To flee to god is my beste way,
 þere schal y in no poynt spurne ;
 Lord ! now socour me þat beste may,
 408 In þin herte blood, þat holi bourne."

I will flee to God.

Lord, help me !"

Quod zouþe to age, " y þee forsake,
 þi frendis deien, þi strengþe dooþ faile,
 þi sizte and heeryng' bigynneþ to slake,
 412 þee neediþ helpe and good counsaile ;
 God-is seruauntis in areest' hap þee take
 Til deef on þee haue doon bataile ;
 þi reckenynge bi tyme bisili þou make,
 416 Or þe deucl bringe þe countirtaile."

[Page 139.]
 Youth taunts Age
 with his failing
 strength,

and Death's ad-
 vance on him.
 He must make up
 his accounts
 quickly.

" **P**ouþ deef be eende of worldlis woo,
 þanne deef is euere mannys freende ;
 thouþ soulis in helle be ponischid soo,
 420 Deef comeþ not þere to make noon eende ;
 Deef makip soulis to heuen to goo,
 But in to heuen deef may not wende,
 For deef is flemyd heuene froo,
 424 Deef is sugett' to god to bende.

To some Death
 here is a friend,

but not to any in
 hell.

It sends some to
 heaven, and there
 troubles them not.

" **N**ow y am sixti zeere and ten,
 þonge folke Y fynde my foo,
 Where euere þei pleie, leepe, or renne,
 428 þei þinken in her weie Y goo ;
 And whanne y mete with olde men,
 I pleyne ' þis world is chaungid soo ;'
 Noon oþer bote is but seelde when
 432 Ech man tellip opir his woo."

At seventy years
 old, the man feels
 in the way of
 young folk ;

[Page 140.]
 his only comfort
 is in complaints,
 and telling other
 old men his
 troubles.

Quod zouþe to age, " y þee a-peeþe
 And þat bifore oure god y-wis ;
 I lente þee strengþe, bewte, & heele,—
 436 þese percellis ben of heuen blis,—

Youth accuses
 him of

wasting his
 strength

and wealth

Corage, liȝtnesse, freendis, & woele ;

Alle þese þou hast wastide amys

in folly,

From wijsdom in-to folies feele :

440 God wole haue rekenyng' of al þis.

his sight in vain-
glory, his mouth
in oaths and
gluttony.“**P**ine heerynge and þin iȝe siȝte

þat þou hast wastide in veynglory ;

þi mouþe to wronge aȝen riȝte,

444 In fals oopis and foule gloteny ;

his hands in
robbery,

þin hondis to robbe and to fiȝte ;

þi strengþe þou wastidist in tyrauntry ;

his beauty in
lechery.

þi feet in derknesse oute of liȝte,

448 þi bewte þou wastidist in lechery.”

[Page 141.]
The old man con-
fesses his short-
comings,**Q**uod man, “y was gouerned Bitwene two þeuis,

þei stale on me : Y was stalworþe & white ;

Whanne my leepis weren brouȝt to preuis,

452 I wondre on my silf Y was so liȝte.

regrets his loss

ȝougþe staale from me ; þat soore me greuis ;

Age steeleþ on me boþe day and nyȝte ;

of youth and
power,

Mi ȝougþe, my vertu, al from me meuis ;

456 Now wondre y on my silf where is my myȝte.

and complains
how youth, with
all its glory, has
stolen from him,“**I**ȝougþe staale from me, Y was stalworþe & liȝte ;

And age steeleþ on me Filpis to weelde ;

ȝougþe steeliþ from me, Y ȝeede up riȝte ;

460 Age steeleþ on me, Y bowe and ȝeelde ;

and age, with all
its defects, has
stolen upon him.

ȝougþe haþ stolen from me My leepis liȝte ;

Age steeleþ on me, Y wexe on-mylde ;

ȝougþe steeleþ my corage To pleie & fiȝte,

464 Age is so on me stoolen þat y mote to god
me ȝilde.At eighty years
old“**N**ow y am euene of ȝeeris fore scoure,

So manye wyntir Y am oolde ;

þere y was wonte To leepe bifore,

468 Fer aboute now My wei y hoolde :

My backe bowip, myn igen ben soore,
 Myn hoothe blood is kelid coolde :
 Alas ! Conscience ! to lital y toke pi loore,
 472 þe talis þat þou hast ofte me toolde."

[Page 142.]
 his back is bent,
 his hot blood
 cold.
 Ah, Conscience !
 I did not listen
 to you.

Quod Conscience, "where haddist þou þat
 speche ?

Conscience
 wonders at the
 man's repentance,

þi lizte leepis foonde to preue ;
 þe put of þe stoon þou maist not reche,
 476 To lital myzte is in pi sleue.

In yougþe whanne y dide þee teche,
 Foule þou me þanne dedist repreue ;
 I þanke god of þi good leeche."

480 "þhe, Conscience, now to pi wordis y leeu."

but thanks God
 for it.

"**N**ow foure score 3eeris is past,
 Mi lijf is but traueil & woo,
 Fer in to rereage y am cast,
 484 Into ten 3eer and moo.

At ninety years
 old man's life is
 but woe,

My lymes foulden þat weren fast,
 Wiþ staffe in honde now y goo ;
 My redy speche may not last,
 488 So my teep ben fallen me fro.

he walks with a
 staff,

his teeth fall out,

"**F**ul of fleissche Y was to fele,
 Now may I neiþer stonde ne goon ;

[Page 143.]
 his flesh is gone,

It hap now lefte me euery dele,
 492 Me is lefte But skyn & boon.

he is but skin and
 bone,

Now y am vndre Fortunes whele,
 My frendis forsaken me Euerychoon,
 And alle þe synnes Y loued so weel,

forsaken by his
 friends,

496 Now wote y weel þei been my foon."

and his sins his
 foes.

Quod course of kinde, "What helpip, y wende,
 þi wissching And þin hadde-y-wist ?
 What maist þou On þo wordis spende,
 500 It is ful febil In pi fist.

Course of Nature
 asks the good of
 his vain regrets.

All men expect
his death, and
none will regret
him; he cumber
all.

Now alle men waiten aftir pin eende;
houz þou deye, þou schalt not be myste;
þou combrest hope foo & frende,
504 þi mylle haþ grounde þi laste griste."

These mortal
sins must quit the
aged:

Pride,

Þre deedli synnes maden her moone,
"We forsaken man in age."

508 Quod Pride, "y am from him goon,
For Pride in age Doiþ disperage."

Lechery,

Quod lecherie, "He loueþ to lie a-loone;
houz he wolde do, him wantiþ corage."

[Page 144.]

Gluttony.

512 Quod Glotenie, "he is but felle & boone,
He loueþ more mesure þan outrage."

Two think him
no good,
Envy and
Wrath.

Quod Envie, "age hath no myzte
Ne richesse, lenger me to fynde."

516 Quod wrappe, "age may not fizte
houz he be angri, bi course of kynde."

Two claim him,
Sloth and
Covetousness.

Quod Slouþe, "age my chaumbre haþ dizte,
And calleþ me ease in his mynde."

520 Quod Coueitise, "age haþ me hizte;
Sugot to me he dooþ him binde."

Overhope, or vain
Confidence that
they will ever do
well, is the cause
of men's waste
and sin.

"I knowe," quod ouerhope, "fleissch is freele,
Of oolde and yonge, of man, of childe;
In ouerhope þei wasten her weele,

524 And in diuerse werkis ful wylde;
þei ouerhope euere to lyue in heele,

Then comes
Sickness.
Then Wanhope or
Despair,

From age & sijknesse þei wenep hem schilde,
þanne comeþ sijknesse, & printiþ his seele."

528 Quod wanhope "þan y make him mylde;

[Page 145.]
and bids them
hoard.

"I bidde him horde, and richesse saue,
For wanhope after mischife doiþ waite,
Whanne sijknesse comeþ men to craue,"

Overhope still
lures them on;

532 Quod ouerhope, "þan y flatir, & sumtyme flaite,

'þou schalt lyue, and þi silf it haue.' "

"3he," seiþ wanhope, "kepe it straite,
Of good hope no counzell þou craue
536 Til deef þee caste with a trippe of dissaite."

Despair mocks
them,

Quod wanhope, "a gospel y radde :

To telle it þee y wole bigynne,
'If a man in synne be sadde
540 Ech day newe, and lieþ þer-inne,
Of such a man god is moore gladd
þan of a childe þat neuere dide synne.' "
Quod Conscience, "he wolde make þe madde
544 To repente þee not, ne neuere blynne."

and tells them the
Gospel; if they

will plunge daily
into sin, God will
be more pleas'd
than if they never
sinn'd.

Conscience

Quod Conscience to wanhope, "I-wys

þou liest, y hate þe þerfore ;
I knowe þe gospel, it seiþ þis,
548 'If a man haue synned longe bifore,
And axe mercy And a-mende his mys,
Repente, and wilne to synne no more,
Of þat man god gladder is
552 þan of a child synlees y-bore.' "

reproves *Despair*,

and repeats the
true Gospel, that
of a repentant

sinner God is
gladder than of
[Page 146.]
one who never
sinn'd.

[1 ? redde : 537]

Quod wanhope, "a gospel y radde ;¹

What it menep y can expownde,
Ech man schal haue peine or meede,
556 In þouȝte or dede as he is founde ;
He haþ not ȝit repentið his dede,
He sizkep for synnes ben not vnbounde ;
þouȝ mercy come, he schal not spede,
560 For in daunger of wanhope he is bounde."

Despair urges
the Gospel that
men suffer as they

are found, and as
the old man has
not yet repented,

he cannot get
mercy.

Quod Conscience, "þou dotid hoore !

God-is mercy þou woldist distroie ;
þou wenest þi wickidnesse were moore
564 þan god-is goodnesse & his mercie.

Conscience says,
'Doted whore,

God's mercy

is enough for
a thousand
worlds if they
ask it.'

The *Old Man*
calls on the
Virtues to
befriend

him in his need.

[Page 147.]

Recklessness
offers instead, the
crew of Sins that
he lov'd.

At a *hundred*
years old man
carries his bier
on his back, all
his friends wish
him dead.

He may stretch
out his neck for
Death's sword;

he is full of sin;

he must go to
wreck
unless God have
mercy.

The World re-
proves him,

Overhope and
Despair tempt
him,

For if a man be woundid soore,
And axe no medicine, him liste te deie ;
God hap mercies y-now in stoore .
568 For a þousand worldis þat' mercie wole crie."

"**M**Ekenes, Pacience, and Charitee,
3e þat' weren my frendis dere,
Mesure, Bisnesse, and Chastitee,
572 At þis mystire comeþ me neere." .
Quod Conscience, "þou flemed us from þee ;
þou woldist not' oure loore leere."
Quod richelees, "loo, heere my meynee !
576 þe synnes þat' þou louedist' & seruedist, lo
hem here !"

"**M**yne age is now an hundrid 3eere ;
Litil y drinke, and lesse y ete,
On my backe I bere my beere,
580 And alle my frendis me forþete,
Fayn þei wolde þat' y deed were,
Wip soreful wordis þei doon me þrete,
And seyn, 'for y am so longe heere,
584 Whanne y come hoome y schal be beete.'

Now mote y leie forþ my necke,
For deep his swerd out' hap lau3te ;
But I deliuere weel þis checke,
588 I leese my game at' þis drau3te.
Ful of synne is my secke ;
To þe preest' y wole schewe þat' frau3te,
Mi schip is chargid, al goop to wrecke
592 But' if god of merci be wip me sau3te.

This worlde hap me in awaite,
And biddip me quite þat' is past' ;
My fleissche in ouerhope wolde me faite,
596 And into wanhope it' wolde me caste.

- Helle houndis berken and baite,
 þe feendis writiþ my synnes faste,
 And deef me waitiþ *with* a trippe of dissaite ;
 600 These sixe maken me soore agaste."

[Page 148.]
 Hell-hounds bark
 for him, the Fiends
 and Death watch
 for him.

- P**anne comeþ forþ good hope :
 To saue man he wolde fonde ;
 " þou wronge weuere ouerhope !
 604 I make *him* free, þou woldist make *him* bonde ;
 I schal conclude þee, þou wanhope,
 Wile good feiþ wole *with* me stoonde ;
 Hooli writte seiþ, ' in god y hoope,
 608 His merci is ouer þe werkis of his honde.' "

But *Good Hope*
 will save the old
 man,

if *Good Faith* will
 help.

- Q**uod good feiþ, " for þe litil while
 þat now heere [þou] hast serued me,
 I wole þee kepe from al perile,
 612 And make pees bitwene god & þee ;
 And ouerhope, for al his gile,
 From þin herte y schal do *him* flee ;
 And wanhope also y wole exile,
 616 For he is not of *oure* fraternitee."

Good Faith will

make his peace
 with God,

and drive out
 Overhope and

Despair.

- Q**uod þe worlde, " Y wole hise dettis quyte,
 And oute of his daunger me hyȝe ;
 þouȝ my fleissche berke, he schal not bitee,
 620 From his lustis y wole *him* tye ;
 I wole waissche a¹ Wey þat feendis write
 With sorowe of herte and teer of yȝe,
 But *with* deef y wole not dispute,
 624 But make me cleene, and leerne to deie.

Man says he will

give up his fleshly

[¹ Page 149.]

lusts, will sorrow
 and weep,

and learn to die.

- G**od ! sowe þi merci amonge my seede,
 þanne schal it growe þouȝ y sowe late,
 And Repentaunce my corne schal weede,
 628 And make good pees pere was hate.

May God sow
 His mercy in
 him,
 and Repentance
 will weed his
 corn.

Then the works
of Mercy will let
him in at heaven's
gate.

632 þe comaundementis þat' god bede,
þat' is þe locke of heuen zate;
Seuene werkis of mercy, and þe crede,
þese keies schullen late me in þerate."

Reader, you have
heard of Youth
and Age, Virtue
and Vice, Good
Angel and Bad.

Now haue 3e herde of 3ougþis delice;
And age in kynde, sijke, & woo;
Knowing' of uertu & of vice;
636 Good aungil, & wickid freende, & foo;
And vndirstondinge to be wijs.

Look in this
Mirror; take
your choice, for
Heaven or Hell.

Now in þis mirrour loke 3ou soo;
In 3oure free wille þe choice lijs,
640 To heuen or helle whiþir 3e wille goo.

The world, the
flesh, and the
devil tempt us.

The worlde, þe fleissche, & þe feende,
In temptacioun doip us chase;
Bid repentaunce to merci beende,
644 And waissche us at þe welle of grace.
Praie we to god graunte us good eende,
And in heuen to haue a place,
þat' after oure deep we mowen pidir wende,
648 And in perfizt loue se his fair face.

[Page 150.]
Let us pray to
God

that after death
we may see His
fair face.

Dear friends, who
read this, pray
for the Writer's
soul to Mary,
Mother,

Now, leue freendis, greete and smale,
þat' haue herde þis trete,
Praie for þe soule þat' wroot þis tale
652 A Pater noster, & an aue
To marie modir, maiden free,
As sche bare a childe Coumforte to us,
On þat' soule haue pitce
656 If þe wille be of crist' ihesus. amen.

to pity it if
Christ will.
Amen.

[Stans Puer, printed in *Babees Boke*, &c., p. 27 follows here.]

God send us Paciens in oure Olde Age!

[Pages 113—17, written without breaks. *Rymes*
abababab, bcbcb.]

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>From þe tyme þat we were bore¹
 oure ȝouþe passiþ from day to day,
 And age encreesiþ moore & moore,
 4 & so doiþ it now, þe sothe to say :
 At euery hour a poynt is y-loore,
 So fast gooþ oure ȝouþe away,
 And ȝouþe wole come aȝen no moore,
 8 But age wole make us boþe blak & gray.
 þerfore take hede boþe nyȝt & day
 How fast ȝoure ȝouþe dooþ asswage ;
 And boþe ȝonge & oolde, lete us praie
 12 þat god send us paciens in oure oolde age.</p> | <p>[¹ MS. born]
 Our youth passes
 away from day
 to day,

 and will come back
 no more.

 Take heed, then,

 and pray God for
 patience in old
 age.</p> |
| <p>¶ Age wole take from us oure nyȝt
 þat in oure ȝouþe to us was lent ;
 And also þe cleernesse of oure syȝht
 16 And oure heerynge schal be faynt.
 þanne schulen we be heuy þat eer were lizt,
 Bicause þat ȝouþe is from us went,
 And þanne wole men do us no rizt,
 20 But al contrarie to oure entent,
 And sikenes wole do us greet turment
 Whom deef wole sende on his message ;
 Forsope þe best ameendement
 24 is þanne pacience in oure olde age.</p> | <p>Age will take from
 us

 our clear sight,
 hearing,
 and lightness.

 Sickness will
 torment us.

 [Page 114.]</p> |

- Our bones will ache,
our head shake,
our nose turn black,
our tongue lose its fair speech.
- Our friends will hate us;
we shall say, 'Oh, if I had but known;'
no kiss will greet us
and no joy gladden us.
[Page 115.]
God send us patience in our old age!
- Some will scorn us, others think we live too long;
our stomachs will take no food;
we shall sing of sorrow and care.
- Oure body wole icche, oure bonis wole ake,
oure owne fleisch wole ben oure foo ;
Oure heed, oure hondis, þo wolen schake,
28 And oure leggis wole tremble where we go ;
Oure bonis wole drie as doop a stake,
And in oure bodi we schulen be woo,
Oure nose, oure chekis, wolen wexe al blake,
32 & oure glad chere wole fade us fro ;
And whanne oure teep ben goon also,
Oure tunge schal lese his fair langage :
Praie we for us silf & oþer moo
36 þat god sende us paciens in oure olde age !
- Oure freendis þat schulden loue us best,
þanne wole þei haue us but in hate,
In freendschip is þer noon oþer trust,
40 & þerof be we waare to late.
þan may we synge of had y wist',
Oure feynt freendis han us forsake,
And also we schulen go vnkist'
44 boþe at þe dore & at þe gate ;
And for al þe cheer þat we can make,
þan is ¹no ioie of oure visage :
Whanne oure bewte schal aslake,
48 god send us paciens in oure olde age !
- ¶ we schulen be so angri euermore,
we wolden ben awreke of euery wrong',
þanne summe wolen scorne us þefore,
52 & summe wole seie we lyue to long ;
Oure sorowe wole þan sitte us so soore
Oure stomak wole no mete fonge ;
& eueri day more & more
56 Of sorewe & care schal be oure song'.
whanne we were boþe hool & strong'
we were to wie[l]de, & wold out rage,

And perfore lete us praie amongt
60 *pat god send us paciens in oure olde age.*

¶ For þan wole no þing us auaile
but *oure* bedis and *oure* crucche,
for wordli welþe wole fade & faile,

64 And perfore truste we it not to myche ;
& þan wole sjuknes us assaile
Til it hap made us lijk a wrecche,
& þan may we do no greet traueile

68 But ¹sumtyme grone, & sumtyme grucche,
And sumtyme clawe for scabbe & icche
Whanne age hap us at his auantage :

Who-so lyueþ longt schal be such ;
72 God sende us paciens in oure olde age !

¶ Al pat we haue lyued heere,
It is but as a dreem y-met,
For now it is as it neuere were,
76 And so is it pat is comyngt ȝit.
Ful fast we drawen to oure beere,
In sorewe & drede we schulen be sett.

Of oolde men þe ȝonge may lere,
80 And fewe þer ben pat doon þe bett ;
For þe feend hap cauȝt hem in his nett,
And holdip hem fast in bondage
For þei schulden not dispose her witt
84 To haue pacience in her oolde age.

¶ þanne schulen we se pat worldli blis
Is but a þing of vanite,
And it makip men to do amys

88 pat ben in weelþe & greet bewte ;
And perfor, lord, good riȝt it is
With oure owne staf chastisid to be :
Lord ! ȝeue us grace to þinke on þis,
92 As þou bouȝt us alle upon a tree,

Let us pray
God to send us
Patience in our
old age.

Nought but
prayers and a
crutch will then
avail us,

for sickness will
assault us,

[¹ Page 116.]
and we shall
groan and get the
itch.

May God send us
Patience then ?

Our time on earth
is but a dream ;

we draw towards
our death.

Let the young
learn from the
old, for the devil
keeps them

from having
Patience in their
old age.

Then worldly
bliss will seem
vain.

It is right that we
be chastised with
our own staff.

[Page 117.]
Christ, let us
think on this.

and pass over
death to ever-
lasting bliss.

And þat we may in charite

Weel passe ouer þis passage

In-to þe blis þat euere schal be,

96 *Whanne we ben passid oure oolde age.*

[“Bothe yonge & oolde,” or “Se what oure lord suffride for
oure sake,” printed above, pp. 32-4, follows here.]

This World is but a Vanyte.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 58 ;
written without breaks.*]

AS Y Gan wandre in my walkinge
 Bisidis an holt vndir an hille,
 Y say an oolde man sitte wepinge :
 4 With sizyngs sore he seide me tille,
 ¶ “ Sumtime y hadde þe world at wille,
 With richesse & with rialte,
 And now it is turned al to ille ;
 8 þe worlde is but a vanyte.

My silf I likne vnto þe morewe :
 Whanne y was child, & bor[e]n bare,
 Mi modir for me suffride sorewe
 12 With gruntyngis gril & sizinge sare ;
 ¶ On me was nieþer wem ne hore ;
 But siþen in synne y haue be ;
 Now y am oolde y wepe þefore ;
 16 þis world is but a vanyte.

At mydmore y lerned to go,
 And plaied as children doon in ¹strete ;
 þe kinde of childhode y dide also,
 20 Wip my felawis to fizte and prete.
 ¶ Al þat y dide, it þouȝte me swete,
 For al þis childhode tauȝte me ;
 Now y am oolde, þefore y wepe ;
 24 þis worlde is but a vanite.

In my walk

I saw an old man
 sighing, and he
 said, “ Once I
 had all the world
 at my will, but
 now it's all
 turned to ill.

I am like the
 Morning. At my
 birth my Mother
 groaned with pain.

I was spotless,
 but now am
 sinful.

At Mid-morn I
 playd,
 [1 Page 59.]

and like a boy
 fought.

All I did, seemd
 sweet: but now I
 weep for it.

This world is but
 vanity.

At Undern
(9 A.M.) I was
put to school,
and curst my
master when he
beat me.

I car'd only for
joy and jollity,

alas!

At Mid-day I was
knighted,

and none durst
stand my charge.

Where is now my
bravery? Not to
be hidden from
death.

At High Noon I
was crown'd King,
and fulfild all my
lusts.

[1 Page 60.]

Now age has
crept on me.

This world is but
vanity.

At Mid-afternoon
my pleasures
past away.

Man's life here is
but a day com-
pared to everlast-
ing life.

At vndren to scole y was sett
To lerne lore, as opir doop;
Whanne my maistir wolde me bet,
I wolde him curse, y was ful wroop.
¶ To lerne good y was ful loop,
I pouzte on ioie & iolite;
Now certis, for to seie þe soop,
þis world is but a vanyte.

28

32

36

40

44

48

52

56

At mydday y was dubbid knyzt,
In route y lerned for to ryde;
Was þer noon so hardi a wizt
þat in bataile durste me abide.
¶ Where is bicomme now al my pride,
Mi booldnes, & my fair bewte?
Now from deef may y me not hide;
þis world is but a vanyte.

At hiȝ noon y was crowned king,
þis world was oonli at my wille;
Euere to ¹lyue was my liking,
And alle my lustis to fulfilla.
¶ Now age is croopen on me ful stille,
And makip me oold & blac of ble,
And y go downeward wiþ þe hille;
þis World is but a vanite.

At mydouernoon y droupid faste,
Mi lust & liking wente away;
From iolite myn hert is paste
From rialte & riche aray.
¶ Mannis lijf here is but a day
Azens þe lijf þat euere schal be;
And oo þing y dare weel say,
þat þis world is but a vanyte.

- At euensong^t tyme y wax ful coold,
 And bigan to go bi staue ;
 Now is deef on me ful boold,
 60 And for his rent^t he wole me craue.
 ¶ Whanne y am deed & leid in graue,
 þer is no þing^t þanne þat^t saueþ me
 But^t good or yuel þat^t y do haue ;
 64 þis world is but^t a vanite.
- Thus is þe day come to nyȝt^t,
 þat^t me lopith of my lyuyng^e,
 And doolful deef to me is diȝt^t,
 68 And in coold^t clay now schal y clinge.”
 ¶ þus an oold man y herde mornynge
 Biside an holte vndir a tree.
 God graunte us his blis euerlastinge !
 72 þis world is but^t a vanite.

At Even Song I
 walkt with a
 staff. Death seeks
 me.

In the grave
 nought saves but
 good done.

At Night I loathe
 my life. Death
 and the Grave
 possess me.

[^t Page 61.]

God grant us His
 bliss ! for this
 world is but
 vanity.

[“In a noon tijd,” or “*Reuertere*,” pp. 91-4 of this volume,
 follows here in the MS.]

This World is False and Vain.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, page 32, written without breaks.*]

Why is this world
belovd?

Its power passes
away like a brittle
pot.

It is false in all,
and so unstable,

[¹ Page 83.]

false in its
business and its
pleasures too.

Where is Solo-
mon,

or Sameon,

Absalom or
Jonathan,

Cæsar
or Dives,

Tully
or Aristotle,

Whi is þis world biloued þat fals is & veyn,
Sipen þat hise welþis ben so vnsertheyn?

¶ Al so soone hee passiþ his power away
4 As doop a brokil poot þat freisch is and gay.

¶ Truste 3e raper to lettris written *withinne* þis
þan to þis wrecchid world þat ful of synne is.

¶ It is fals in his biheeste, & riȝt disceyuable;
8 It haþ bigilid many a man, it is so vnstable.

¶ It is rapir ¹to bileeue þe waginginge wijnde
þan þe chaungeable world þat makip men so
blinde.

¶ For wheþer þou slepe or wake, þou schalt fynde
it fals.

12 Bothe in hise businessis & in hise lustis als.

¶ Telle me where is Salamon, sumtyme a king
richee,

Or Sampson þe stronge to whom was no man
liche?

¶ Or þe fair man absolon, merueilose in cheere,
16 Or þe duke ionatas, a weel biloued fere?

¶ Where is bicomme cesar, þat lorde was of al,
Or þe riche man clopid in purpur & in pal?

¶ Telle me where ys tullius, in eloquence so sweete,
20 Or aristotil þe Filosofre *with* his witt so greeete?

- ¶ Where ben þese worpi þat were heere-to-for? or all former
Boþe kings & bischopis, her power is al lorn. power is lost,
- ¶ Alle þese greeete princis with her power so hiþe all vanishd in
24 Ben vanischid nowa-way in twynke'ling of an y3e. an eye.
[1 Page 34.]
- ¶ þe ioie of þis wrecchid world is a schoorte feeste, This world's joy
And it is likened to a schadewe þat may not shadow,
longe leste,
- ¶ And 3it it drawiþ man from heuen riche blis, and yet makes
28 And ofte tyme it makith him to synne & do a-mys. man lose heaven.
- ¶ Calle no þing þine owne, þerfore, þat þou maist Call nothing here
heere leese; thine own;
- For þat þe world hap lent þee, ofte he wole it cese.
- ¶ Sette þin herte in heuene a-boue, & þenke what set thy heart on
ioie is þere, heaven above.
- 32 And þus to dispise þe world y rede þat þou lere.
- þou þat art but wormes meete, poudre, & dust, Thou food for
To enhauce þi silfe in pride sett not þi lust. thyself in pride;
- ¶ For þou woost not to-day þat þou schalt lyue thou mayst die
to-morowe, to-morrow.
- 36 þerfore do þou euere weel, And þazne schalt Therefore do well.
þou not sorowe.
- ¶ It were ful ioieful & sweete, lordschipe to haue, Lordship would
If so þat lordschip miȝte a man fro ²deep saue, be good if it could
save a man,
[2 Page 35.]
- ¶ But for as myche as a man schal deie at þe laste,
- 40 It is noo worschip, but a charge, lordschip to but it is no
taaste. honour, only a
burden.
- Omnia terrena**
Per vices sunt aliena :
nescio sunt cuius ;
- 44 **mea nunc, cras huius et huius.** now mine,
Dic, homo, quid speres, now another's.
si mundo totus adheres ; What do you hope
for, if you cleave
wholly to this
world ?
nulla tecum feres, You can take
nothing out of it
but yourself.
- 48 **licet tu solus haberes.**

Earth.

Whanne liif is moost loued, and deef is moost hatid :
 panne doop deef drawe his drawȝt, and makip man
 ful nakid.

De terra plasmasti me, &c.

Man, made of
 earth, has only

cared how he may
 be set high up on
 earth.

Man would be a
 king on earth ;
 [1 Page 56.]
 but when earth
 bids him home,
 he shall find it
 hard to part.

Man wins on
 earth castles, and
 says 'it is ours,'

But he shall
 suffer sharply for
 it.

Man goes on earth
 glittering in gold,

and yet he shall
 return to earth
 before he likes.

Wretched man,
 who tollest

ERpe out of erpe is wondirly wrouȝt,
 Erpe of erpe haȝ gete a dignyte of nouȝt,
 Erpe upon erpe haȝ sett' al his pouȝt,
 4 How þat' erpe upon erpe may be hiȝ brouȝt.

¶ Erpe upon erpe wold be a king' ;
 But' how erpe schal to erpe, þenkiȝ he no 'þing' ;
 Whanne þat' erpe biddiȝ erpe hise rentis hom
 bring',
 8 þan schal erpe out of erpe haue a piteuous parting'.

¶ Erpe vpon erpe wyȝneȝ castels & touris,
 þan seiȝ erpe to erpe 'now is þis al houris :'
 Whanne erpe upon erpe haȝ biggid up hise
 boure[s],
 12 þanne schal erpe upon erpe suffir scharpe schouris.

¶ Erpe goȝ vpon erpe as molde upon molde,
 So goȝ erpe upon erpe al glitteringe in golde,
 Like as erpe vnto erpe neuere go schulde ;
 16 And ȝit' schal erpe vn-to erpe raȝer þan he wolde.

¶ O þou wrecchid erpe þat' on erpe traueillist nyȝt
 and day

- To florishe þe erþe, to peynte þe erþe with wan- to adorn thee with
towne aray; fine raiment,
- 3it' schal þou, erþe, for al þi erþe, make þou it' yet shalt thou
neuere so queynte & gay,
- 20 Out' of þis erþe into þe erþe, þere to clinge as a return to earth
clot' of clay. like a clod.
- ¶ O wrecchid man, whi art' þou proud ¹ þat' art' of ^[1 Page 37.]
þe erþe makid? Why art thou
Hider brougttist' þou no schroud, But' poore come proud who art
þou, and nakid; made of earth? Thou camst to
earth naked, and
- Whanne þi soule is went' out, & þi bodi in erþe when thou art
rakid, put in earth,
- 24 þan þi bodi þat' was rank & Vndeouout, Of alle all men will hate
men is bihatid. thee.
- ¶ Out' of þis erþe cam to þis erþe þis wrecchid Thy clothing
garnement'; came from earth
- To hide þis erþe, to happe þis erþe, to him was to enwrap thy
clopinge lente; earth,
- Now goop erþe upon erþe, ruli, raggid, and rent, which under the
earth shall have
28 þerfore schal erþe vndir þe erþe haue hidiose torment.
- ¶ Whi þat' erþe to myche loueþ erþe, wondir me Why earth(man)
þink, loves earth too
Or whi þat' erþe for superflue erþe to sore sweete much, I wonder,
- wole or swynk;
- For whanne þat' erþe upon erþe is brougt' with- for when man
inne þe brink, comes to the
grave's brink he
32 þan schal erþe of þe erþe haue a rewfyl swynk. shall have a sad
time of it.
- ¶ Lo, erþe upon erþe, considere þou may
How erþe comeþ into erþe nakid al way, Man, thou camst
into earth naked,
¶ Whi schulde erþe upon erþe go now so stoute or [Page 38.]
gay

and shall be so
when thou diest.

36 Whanne erþe schal passe out of erþe in so poore
aray?

Think on this, and
of the judgment
at thy resurrec-
tion,

¶ Wolde god, þerfore, þis erþe, While þat he is
upon þis erþe, Vpon þis wolde hertili pinke,
And how þe erþe out of þe erthe schal haue his
aȝen-risynge,
And þis erþe for þis erþe schal ȝeelde streite
rekenyng;

and then never
for this earth
shalt thou dis-
please God.

40 Schulde neuere þan þis erþe for þis erþe mysplese
heuene king.

Pray therefore,

¶ þerfore, þou erþe, vpon erþe þat so wickidli hast
wrouȝt,
While þat þou, erþe, art upon erþe, turne aȝen þi
þouȝt,

man, to God,

And praie to þat god upon erþe þat al þe erþe
haþ wrouȝt,

that thou mayst
come to bliss.

44 þat þou, erþe upon erþe, to blis may be brouȝt.

Lord, let not man
come to grief for
this earth, but

¶ O þou lord þat madist þis erþe for þis erþe, &
suffridist heere peynes ille,

Lete neuere þis erþe for þis erþe myscheue ne
spille,

[Page 39.]
here ever work
Thy will, that he
may ascend to
Thy high hill.

But þat þis erþe on þis ¹erþe be euere worchinge
þi wille,

48 So þat þis erþe from þis erþe may stie up to þin
hiȝ hille. A-M-E-N.

[See an earlier Poem on *Earth*, in alternate English and Latin
stanzas, in my edition of *Early English Poems* for the Philological
Society, 1862, p. 150-2; and in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, vol. ii. p. 216.

Memento homo quod cinis es, and the Creed (pp. 101-3 of this
Text), follow here in the MS.]

Reuertere!

(IN ENGLISH TUNGE, TURNE AȝEN !)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 61, written
without breaks.*]

I N a noon tijd of a somers day
 þe sunne schoon ful myrie þat' tide,
 I took myn hauk al for to play,
 4 Mi spaynel rennyng' bi my side.
 ¶ A feisaunt' hen soone gan y se,
 Myn hound put' up ful fair to flizt',
 I sente my faukun, y leet' him flee :
 8 It' was to me a deinteuose sizt'.

¶ My faukun fliz faste to his pray,
 I ran þo with a ful glad chere,
 I spurned ful soone on my way,
 12 Mi leg' was hent' al with a brere.
 ¶ þis brere forsoþe dide me grijf,
 And soone it' made me to turne aȝe,
 For he bare written in euery leef
 16 þis word in latyn, reuertere.

I knelid & pullid þe brere me fro,
 And redde þis word ful hendeli ;
 Myn herte fil douz vnto my too
 20 þat' was woont' sitten ful likingly.
 ¶ I leete myn hauke & feysaunt' fare,
 Mi spaynel fil douz to my knce,

One sunny
 summer noon I
 took out my hawk
 and spaniel.

The dog put up a
 hen-pleasant,
 and I flew my
 falcon at her—a
 pretty sight.

I ran on fast,

but a briar
 brought me to
 grief, and made
 me turn back, for
 on every leaf of it
 was written
Reuertere.

I disentangled
 myself.

[Page 62.]
 My heart fell to
 my toe.

I let the hawk and
 hen fly,

and sighd over
this *Reuertere*.

panne took y me wiþ sizynge sare
24 þis new lessoun, reuertere.

It means 'turn
again, or back.'

Reuertere is as myche to say
In englisch tunge as, *turne azen* :

Turn then, man,
and think of thy
life, open and
hidden.

Turne azen, man, y þee pray,
28 And pinke hertili what þou hast ben ;

If thou wouldst
go to heaven,
think of '*turn*
again.'

¶ Of þi liuyng be-pinke þee rijfe,
In open & in priuite.
þat þou may come to euerlastinge lijf,
32 Take to þi mynde reuertere.

I became serious,

Pis word made me to studie sore,
And binam me al my list ;

and thought how
I had spent my
life.

How y hadde ledde my lijf so ȝore,
36 I putt it freischli in-to my brist.

I found myself
full far from God,

¶ þanne foond y me ful fer y-flet
Al from god in maieste ;
Forsope þere schal no þing me leett

and will repent.

40 þat y ne wole syngre reuertere.

This summer-
noon heat
[¹ Page 63.]

is like

This noon hete of þe someris day,
Whanne þe sunne moost ¹hizest is,
It may be likened in good fay,

44 For gregorie witnessiþ weel þis ;

man in youth,
rushing into all
kinds of sin.

¶ For in ȝonge age men wide doon walke
To dyuers synnis in fele degre :

þouȝ a ȝongt man make a balke,
48 ȝit take to þi mynde reuertere.

Lust blinds many
a man,

For likinge blindiþ many oon
þat he seep not him-silf y-wis,
And makip his herte as hard as stoon ;

and prevents him
thinking of
heaven.

52 þanne þenkiþ he not on heuen blis ;
¶ For danyel preueþ it weel riȝtfulli,
As susannis storie telliþ me,

Two preestis were deemed worþili ;
56 For likinge þei knew not reuertere.

ȝouþe berip þe hauke upon his hond
Whanne iolite forȝetip age ;
This hauke is mannis herte, y vndirstonde,
60 For it is ȝong^t & of hiȝ romage.
¶ He puttip his hauke fro his fist,
He þat schulde to god be free ;
He meltip and wexip a weel poore gist
64 Whanne he comeþ to reuertere.

For ful of corage is ȝougeþe in herte,
And waitynge euere on his pray,
He ne sparip ryuer ne þornes smerte
68 To gete his myrþe þere he beest may.
¶ He þat enserchip þe derknes of nyȝt,
And þe myst of þe morowtide may se,
He schal know bi cristis nyȝt
72 If ȝouþe kunne synge reuertere.

This hawk of herte in ȝouþe y-wys,
Pursueþ euere þis feisaunt hen ;
þis feisaunt hen is likingnes,
76 And euere folewip hir þese ȝonge men.
¶ þis is likinge in euery synne,
Venial & deedli wheþer it be,
With greet likinge he wole bigynne,
80 But sorewe bringe forþ reuertere.

Liking is modir of synnis alle,
And norischip euery wickid dede,
In feele myscheues sche makip to falle,
84 Of al sorowe sche doop þe daunce leede.
¶ þis herte of ȝouþe is hie² of port,
And wildenes makip him ofte to fle,

Youth bears the
hawk on his
hand.

The hawk is
man's heart, and

is flown from the
fist, but not to
God.

[¹ Page 64.]

Youth watches
ever its prey, and

sparcs no prick of
thorn to get its
pleasure.

Let the watcher
of the night ask
whether youth
will heed the call
'Turn again.'

This hawk, man's
heart, pursues
ever the hen-
pheasant
Pleasure.

Lust or Desire is
the beginning of
every sin,

their mother,
and nourisher,

and of all sorrow
leads the dance.

[² MS. his.]
Youth, through
wildness,
[Page 65.]

often goes wrong.
Then it should
turn again.

And ofte to falle in wickid sort ;
88 þanne is it þe beste, reuertere.

In pleasure,
think that youth
must leave thee.

But be waar of welþe or þou be woo ;
In iolite whan þou art piȝt,
þinke þat ȝonge wole go þe fro,
92 Be þou neuere so greet of miȝt.

When age takes
thee, thou wilt
think it best to
turn again.

Whanne age haȝ take þee bi þe brest,
And for febilnes þou myȝt not se,
þin herte seiþ þanne þat it is best
96 For to seiþ & synge reuertere.

Holy Writ says
that a request too
long delayd will
be refusd.

But in holi writt we fynde
If þou þi lord schulde ouȝt aske a þing,
For þi longe beinge bihinde,
100 Aȝenseid art þou of þin askinge.

In youth thou
didst wild out-
rage and forgat-
test *Reuertere.*

¶ While þou were ȝonge, in tendre age,
Of þin askinge þou were ful free
In ydilnes & wilde outrage ;
104 þanne was forȝete reuertere.

Let every one
think how short a
time he shall be
here.

Perfore euery man biþinke him weel
How litil while is his dwellynge ;
As holy writt yt dooþ telle,
108 He schal not ¹knowe *with*-oute lesinge.

Cocks crow when
midnight comes.

¶ A cok can crowe his tyme mydnyȝt,
Which he knowith weel in his degre :
But his tyme he knowith not aȝt
112 þat can weel neuere seiþ reuertere.

Man knows no this
time if he cannot
say *Reuertere.*

Think, then, man,
that there is no
so poor wretch as
thou.

Therfore be þou in certein, man,
While þou muste knowe how ;
Biþinke þi silf how þou art þan ;
116 Noon so poore a wrecche as þou !

Pray we all to
God to grant ever-
lasting bliss to all
who can say
'Turn again.'

¶ *Perfore* praye we to heuene king,
Euery man in his degre,
To graunte them þe blis euerlastinge
120 þat þis word weel kan seiþ, reuertere.

Merci Passiþ Rihtwisnes.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SINNER AND MERCY.)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., pages 66 to 73;
written without breaks.*]

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>BI a forest as y gan walke
 With-out a paleys in a leye,
 I herde two men togidre talke ;
 4 I þouȝte to wite what þei wolde seie.
 ¶ þat oon stood in a doolful aray,
 Hiſe deedli ſynnīs he gan to defie,
 “Alas,” he ſeide, “me dreediþ to-day
 8 þat riȝt wole forþ, & no mercye.”</p> <p>¶ þanne answeride merci with sobir¹ cheer,
 “Man, me þinkīþ þi witt is bare ;
 If þou wolt, y ſchal þee leer,
 12 þee needīþ not to moorne so ſare.
 ¶ I rede þee to foonde to ameende þi fare ;
 Go euery day & heere a meſſe,
 And ſchryue þee clene, & haue noo care,
 16 For mercy paſſiþ riȝtwiſneſe.”</p> <p>¶ þanne ſeide þe ſynner with angrī mood,
 “Man, me þenkīſt⁶ þou dooſt rauē ;
 I woot weel þou canſt no good,
 20 þou bařiſt neuere ſtaāt but as a knawe.</p> | <p>As I walked I
 heard two men
 talking.
 One was very ſad,
 fearing that Right
 would be done,
 without Mercy.</p> <p>[¹ Page 67.]
 But Mercy ſaid,
 Man, you
 need not mourn.
 Amend your
 ways, hear Maſſ
 daily, be ſhriven,
 and fear not,
 Mercy paſſeth
 Righteouſneſſe.</p> <p><i>The Sinner</i>
 answered, Thou
 reauest:
 [⁶ for þenkīþ.]</p> |
|---|--|

as I deserue, so
shall I haue;

¶ As y deserue, so schal y haue;
Weel bittirli y schal a-bie;
I knowe noon helpe þat me schulde haue,
But þat riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

Right, not Mercy. 24

Mercy.

If thou wilt give
up thy sin,

¶ þanne seide mercye meeke & mylde,
"If þou wolt fro þi synnes drawe,
þouȝ þou speke þese wordis wilde,
28 To helpe þee ȝit I wolde be fawe.
¶ Loue weel god, þat is my sawe,
Repente þee blyue of ʼal þi mys;
Almyȝti god is ouer þe lawe,
32 His merci passip his riȝtwisnes."

love God and
repent,

[1 Page 68.]
He is ouer the
law:
His Mercy ex-
ceeds His Justice.

The Sinner.

[2 or founed.]

I never willingly
did a good deed;

I deserve hell;

my wicked deeds
will kill me.
Right, and no
Mercy, on me.

"Seie me," quod þe synner, "þou foonued² clerk.
þou coudist neuere rede in no spel;
I wrouȝte wilfulli neuere good werk;
36 What riȝt haue y in heuen to dwelle?
¶ I haue deserued to go to helle,
And perfore ofte sore sike y;
My wickid dedis wole me quelle,
40 þere riȝt schal forþ, and no mercie."

Mercy.

God shed His
blood for thee and
me,

and bought us
with His flesh.

Thy soul is His.
He will haue
mercy.

¶ Merci seide "þou canst no good;
God schewip þee kyndenes many foolde,
For þee & me he schedde his blood,
44 And suffride woundis bittir & colde.
¶ His fair body to þe iewis was solde
To bie oure synful soulis to blis;
þi soule is his, y myȝt be bolde;
48 His merci passip his ryȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.

I know God
good and true,
and loves Truth.

¶ "Forsoþe," quod þe synner, "þat leue y weel,
þat he is boþe good & kynde,
And þerto trewer þan ony steel;
52 þat he loueþ truþe weel schal y fynde.

¶ How myȝt god me of care vnbinde
 Siben god loueþ trouþe so verrili?
 Do way, mercy, þou spillist myche winde,
 56 For riȝt schal forþ, & no mercy.'

[Page 69.]
 How then shall
 He free me?

Right will pre-
 vail, not Mercy.

¶ Merci seide, "woldist þou god knowe,
 And wiþ good entent mercy calle,
 And to him meekeli þee abowe,
 60 þan schal neuere myscheef in þee falle.
 ¶ þouȝ þou haddist do þe synnis alle,
 And þou crie mercy for al þi mys,
 And with good herte on him to calle,
 64 þan wole his mercy passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

If thou wilt really
 pray for mercy,

tho' thou hast
 sinned all the sins,

God's Mercy will
 exceed His
 Justice.

¶ "What," quod þe synner, "y trowe þou raue;
 Canst þou neuere of þi pletinge blynne?
 þe deuyl bad me neuere mercy craue,
 68 And he can more clergie þan al þi kynne;
 ¶ And he him silf is ful of synne,
 And ȝit wole he neuere mercy crie:
 I coueite neuere heuen to wyne
 72 While riȝt schal forþ, & no mercie."

The Sinner.

Nonsense! The
 Devil bad me
 never ask mercy;

and he knows
 more than thou.
 He is full of sin,
 and never asks
 mercy;

Justice will
 prevail.

¶ Merci seide "y preue bi skile,
 Witt is nouȝt worþ, but grace be souȝt;
 þe deuyl ¹Hap clergie & witt at wille,
 76 And euere he settip it foule at nouȝt:
 ¶ He fil in wanhope as him neuere rouȝte,
 þoruȝ pride in heuen he loste his blis;
 Hadde he oonys grace bisouȝte,
 80 Merci hadde passid riȝtwijsnes."

Mercy.

The devil's wit is
 no good without
 grace.

[¹ Page 70.]

He fell into de-
 spair when he
 lost heaven.

Had he sought
 grace he'd have
 had Mercy.

¶ Whanne þe synner herd þis, he sizet sore,
 With rewful cheer greet dool he made,
 And seide, "of þee wole y lerne more;
 84 þan is the deuyl fals and bad,
 ¶ For if he myȝte merci haue had,

The Sinner.

I'll learn of thee.
 The devil *must* be
 bad if he might
 have had mercy.

He needs be sorry
who gets Right
and not Mercy.

88

Mercy.

Dear brother,
give up the devil,
who would send
you to hell.

Pray for grace,
God will send it,
and thy soul will
go to heaven.

92

96

[Page 71.]
The Sinner.
My past life is
worthless;
I will serve God;

may He keep me
from sin.
I defy the false
fiend who pro-
mised me Right,
not Mercy.

100

104

Mercy.
Do so, and re-
joice. Be sorry
for thy sin,

be shriven,
do penance,
and repent:

Thou shalt know
that Mercy passes
Justice.

108

112

The Sinner.
No penance is
enough for me:
not being buried
alive.

116

A þousand sipis y him defie;
He may be sory & no-þing¹ glad
þat schal haue ¹riȝtwisnes & no mercy."

Mercy biheeld þat¹ semeli goost.
And seide, "leue broþer, forsake þe feend,
For he wolde fayn þi soule were lost,
To dwelle in helle without eend.

¶ Biseche now grace, & god wole sende
And þou wolt¹ do as y þee wijs,
And þan þi soule to heuen schal wende,
þere merci passip riȝtwisnes."

"**A**las," quod þe synner, "al my lijf y rue,
For it¹ is no þing¹ as y wende;
To serue god y wole be trewe
If ony grace he wole me sende.
¶ Of al wickidnes he me defende!
þe fals feend, y him defie;
He wolde no þing¹ þat y dide meende,
þat biheet me riȝt no mercie."

Merci seide "if þou wolt¹ so,
þou myȝt¹ be glad al þi lijf,
And for þi synne þou maist¹ be woo,
And to a preest cleene þee schrine,
¶ And take penaunce without¹ strif,
Repentyng¹ þee of al þi mys,
þan bi þi witt¹ þou maist knowe riȝt
þat¹ merci passip riȝtwisnes."

"**A**las," quod the synner, "y haue lyued wrong!
What¹ penaunce were y worþi to haue?
þer may no man sette me to strong¹
þouȝ y were quicke doluen on graue.

¹ MS. *transposes* riȝtwisnes and mercy.

¶ A! almiȝty god, mercy I craue,
 Now lete my flesche my synnis abie!
 Graciose crist! my soule þou haue,
 120 For riȝt is nouȝt wipout' mercie."

Ah God! have
 mercy. Christ,
 take my soul.

[Page 72.]

Mercy seide, "ful weel þou woost',
 As þou hast' often herd sayen,
 What' man is founde þat' was lost',
 124 Wip him is crist' plesid & fayn.
 ¶ What' nede had crist' to suffre payne
 But for to bie oure soulis to blis?
 Telle me þi lijf heere al playn,
 128 þat' mercy may passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Christ rejoices
 over the lost
 sinner who is
 found.

Tell me all thy
 sins.

"**M**y fyue wittis y haue mys spende
 þoruȝ pride, onuie, & leccherie:
 To þe ten heestis y haue not' tende
 132 þoruȝ slouȝe, wrapȝe, & glotenie.
 ¶ In coueitise lyued haue y,
 And neuere dide werkis of mercyes;
 God! ȝeue me grace or þat' y die!
 136 þi merci may passe riȝtwisnes."

The Sinner.
 I have mispent
 my Five Senses;

disobeyed the
 Ten Command-
 ments; livd in
 covetousness, and
 done no good
 works.

God, let Thy
 Mercy pass Thy
 Justice.

Merci ȝaf him penaunce stronge,
 And seide "man, wolt' þou þis take?
 þou muste suffre þoȝe riȝt' and wrong'
 140 If þou þi synne wolt' forsake
 ¶ In good praiers þou muste wake,
 And neuere wilne to do a-mys;
 And for þi sorewe þat' þou doost' make,
 144 Merci schal passe riȝtwisnes."

Mercy.

Do this penance:
 Suffer, and for-
 sake thy sin.

Watch and pray.

Never will to sin.

[1 Page 73.]

Then Mercy
 shall exceed
 Justice.

Þe synner took penaunce wip good entent',
 And lefte al his wickid synne;
 Whanne he hadde leeuē, away he went'

The sinner for-
 sook his sins,

and all his friends
did great penance,
and no sin wil-
fully.

He trusted to
God to bring him
to heaven.

Lord! give us
grace, and be
merciful to us.

Mary, guide our
souls to thy Son,

where Mercy pre-
vails over Justice.

148 From alle his freendis, kīþ & kynne.
¶ In greet' penaunce he putte him inne,
And neuere aftir wilfulli dide mys;
He truste on god heuen to wyne,
152 þere mercy passīþ riȝtwijsnes.

Almīȝti god! now make us stable,
And ȝeue us grace weel to spede,
And to us alle bee merciable,
156 And forȝeue us alle oure mysdede.
¶ And helpe us, ladi, att oure moost' nede,
To þi sone oure soulis þou wys,
And *with* his mercy fulli us fede
160 þere mercy passīþ riȝtwijsnes. A-M-E-N.

[“As resoun rewlið,” or “Filius Regis Mortuus est,” follows.
It is printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*, p. 205, &c.]

The Belief.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 39 ; written
without breaks.*]

¶ **Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reuerteris.** Remember, man,
that thou art dust.

¶ **Fac bene dum uiuis. Post mortem uiuere si uis.** Do well while
thou liuest.

¶ **Tangere qui gaudet. meretricem qualiter audet.** How does he who
delights to touch
a harlot, dare to

Palmis pollutis. regem tractare salutis.

Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem.

handle the King
of Salvation with
polluted hands.

IN þee, god fadir, I bileeue,

þe firste persooone ful of myzt,

þat al of nouzt hast maad to meeue,

4 boþe heuen & erþe, day & nyzt.

I believe in God
the Father,

¶ And in þin onoly goten sone,

Born of þi silf bifor al þing,

Oure lord ihesus, þe secunde persooone,

8 Bothe oo god in heuen beinge.

and in His only
begotten Son,

Jesus Christ,
one with God,

¶ þe same god þat euere hap ben,

And sipen conceyued bi þe holi goost,

And born of a mayden cleene,

12 Bicause a man in meekenes moost.

conceiuid by the
Holy Ghost, and
born of a pure
virgin,

[Page 40.]

¶ And rizt as in þe trynyte

Ben persooones þre, substauncis but oon,

Rizt so in þee ben substauncis þre,

16 God, soule, bodi, & al oon persooone.

(of three sub-
stances, God, soul,
body)

who sufferd under
Pontius Pilate,

was crucified,
and buried,

descended into
hell,

but rose again
the third day,

ascended into
heaven,

whence He shall
come to Judge
both quick and
dead.

[¹ Page 41.]
I believe in the
Holy Ghost,

who makes Holy
Church, by faith-
ful men giving
each to other
what each can.

I believe in the
Forgiveness of
Sins (through the
Sacrament),

¶ Undir pilate þou suffridist peyne
Bi fre wil, mankinde to saue,
Nailid on a croos, & þeron slain,
20 And taken doun & biried in graue.

¶ In soule oonli þou wente to helle,
& took þens þi part, it was good rizt,
But up þou roos in fle.sch and in felle
24 þe þrid day bi godli myzt.

¶ þou stiz to heuen in þi manhede,
And þere þou sittist on þi fadir rizt side,
But ouer al-where is þi godhede,
28 þere is noon þat from þee him may hide.

¶ þens schalt þou come us alle to deeme,
Boþe quik and dede of adams seed.
With opene woundis & visage breme ;
32 þis bileue makip true men drede.

¶ I bileue in þe holi ¹goost,
þe þridde persooone in trynhte,
Of which þre noon is more ne moost,
36 But al oon god in persooones þre.

¶ þe holi goost makip holi chirche
Of feipful men, bi comynynge
Ech oon to opir what þei kunne worche
40 In holines and good lyuyngt.

¶ Forȝeeuenes y bileue of synne
Bi þe holi goost and þe sacrament,
If y maye goostli to hem wynne,
44 Or ellis him silfe is euere present.

¶ þouȝ he neuere so present be,
ȝit he wole for ful meekenes

þat' y do þerto þat' is in me,
 48 Lest' contempt' lette me of forþeuenes.

¶ Also y bileeue in hool mynde,
 þe holi goost' schalle knytte aȝen
 þe soule to þe fleische of al mankinde ;
 52 For al fleish schal ryse þat' deef hath slayn.

and that the Holy
 Ghost shall knit
 again all men's
 souls to their
 flesh on their
 resurrection,

¶ þe holi goost' schal ȝeue also
 Euerlastynge lijf to alle true men.
 þat we may heere serue þer-to,
 56 ¶ Y rede we seie alle, amen.

and shall give
 everlasting life to
 all true men.

[*The Sixteen Points of Charity*, or "Man, among þi myrþis,"
 printed p. 114, below, follows here in the MS.]

The Ten Commandments.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 47 ; written
without breaks.*]

Every one should
teach his children
these, and keep
them himself.

EUery man schulde teche þis lore
To hise children *with* good entent,
And do it him-silf euermore,
4 To kepe weel goddis comaundement.

I. Have no false
gods. Worship
God Almighty.

¶ Fals goddis þou schalt noon haue,
But worschipe god onnipotent ;
Make not þi god þat man hap graue :
8 þis is þe firste comaundement.

II. Take not
God's name in
vain.

Swear by no
created thing.

¶ Goddis name in ydil take þou not,
For if þou do þou schalt be scheent ;
Swere bi no þing^e þat god hap wrouȝt :
12 þis is þe secunde comaundement.

III. Hallow the
Holy Day.

¶ Haue mynde to helewe þin holi day,
þou & alle þine *with* good entent ;
Leue seruile werkis & nyce aray :
16 þis is þe þridde comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
Father and
Mother.

[¹ Page 41.]

¶ Worschipe þi fadir & þi modir boȝe,—
þat longe lijf to þee be lent,—
With meete ¹and drink, coumfort & clope :
20 þis is þe iiij^e comaundement.

V. Kill no man,

¶ Sle no man *with* yuel wille,
Ensaumple, or tunge, or strokis dent ;

But euermore do good for ille :
 24 pis is þe fifthe comaundement.

but do good for ill.

¶ Do no leccherie in al þi lijf ;
 Lete fleischeli knowynge from þee be lent
 Saue oonli bi-twene man & wijf :
 28 pis is þe sixte comaundement.

VI. Commit not
 adultery or
 fornication.

¶ þou schalt not stole no maner of þing,
 Ne helpe þerto bi no consent.
 Leue alle fals mesuris & al gilinge :
 32 pis is þe .vij. comaundement.

VII. Steal not.

Use no deceit.

¶ þou schalt beere no fals witnes
 For no mater þat may be ment ;
 Seie euere þe soþe, or holde þi pees :
 36 pis is þe .viij. comaundement.

VIII. Bear no
 false witness.

¶ þou schalt not coueite þi neiȝboris good,
 As hous, lond, catel, ne rent,
 In hindringe of him & of his blood :
 40 pis is þe .ix. comaundement.

IX. Covet not
 thy neighbour's
 goods.

¶ þou schalt not desire þi neiȝboris feere,
 Ne falsli his seruauȝt from him hent,
 Ne no good þat ¹he hath heere :
 44 pis is þe .x. comaundement.

X. Covet not thy
 neighbour's wife ;
 take not his
 servant or goods
 falsely.
 [1 Page 49.]

¶ þese ten to kepe, þou ȝeue us grace
 þat on þe roode was al to-rent,
 In-to his blis þat we mowe passe
 48 At þe laste day of Iugement.

Christ, give us
 grace to keep
 these Ten,
 that we may
 pass to bliss.

[“I Warne eche lijf,” p. 107, &c., of this print, follows here in the MS.]

Kepe Wel Cristes Comaundement.

[*Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., fol. 408 b., col. 1.*
Printed here for comparison' sake, with the metrical
points, but no stops.]

I warne vche leod. þat liueþ in londe.
 And do hem dredles. out of were.
 þat þei most studie. and vnderstonde.
 4 þe lawe of crist. to loue and lere.
 þer nis no mon. fer ne nere.
 þat may him seluen. saue vn schent.
 But he þat casteþ. wiþ concience clere.
 8 To kepe. wel. Cristes Comaundement.

þow most haue o God. and no mo.
 And serue him boþe. with mayn and milt.
 And ouer alle þinges. loue him also.
 12 For he haþ lant þe. lyf and liht.
 3if þou beo nuyzed. day or niht.
 In peyne be meke. and pacient.
 And rule þe ay. be reson riht.
 16 And kep wel. Cristes Comaundement.

¶ And let þi neizhebor. frend and fo.
 Riht frely. of þi frendschupe fele.
 In herte. þat þou wilne hem so.
 20 Riht as þou woldest. þi self weore wele.
 And help to sauen hem. from vncele.
 So þat heore soules. beo not schent.
 And also heore care. þou helpe to kele.
 24 And kepe wel. Cristes comaundement.

Kepe Weel Cristis Comaundement.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 49; written without breaks.*]

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>I Warne eche lijf þat liueþ in lond
 And do him dredlees out of were,
 þat he must studie & vndirstonde
 4 þe lawe of god to loue & lere.
 ¶ For þere is no man feer ne neer
 þat may him sillfe saue vnschent
 But he þat castiþ him w^{it} conscience clefe
 8 To kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> <p>Thou schalt haue oon god & no mo,
 And serue him boþe wiþ mayn & myzt,
 And ouer al þing loue him also,
 12 For he hap lent þee lijf & lizt.
 ¶ If þou be noied bi day or nyzt,
 In peyne be meeke & pacient,
 And rewle þee ay bi resoun rizt,
 16 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> <p>Lete þi neize-¹boris, boþe freend & fo,
 Frelī of þi freendschip feele;
 In herte wilne þou hem also
 20 Rizt as þou woldist þi silf were wele.
 ¶ Helpe to saue hem from vnsele
 So þat her soulis ben not schent,
 And her care þou helpe to kele,
 24 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.</p> | <p>Every man must
 take care to love
 the Law of God.</p> <p>Only he can be
 saved who gives
 himself to keep
 Christ's
 Commandments.</p> <p>I. Thou shalt
 have one God,

 and love Him
 above every-
 thing.</p> <p>Be patient in
 suffering.</p> <p>[¹ Page 50.]
 Love thy
 neighbour as
 thyself;</p> <p>and help to save
 him from all ill.</p> |
|---|---|

- ¶ In Idel. Godes nome tak þou nouȝt.
 But cese. and saue þe from þat synne.
 Swere bi no þing. þat God haþ wrouht.
- 28 Be war. his wrappe. lest þou hit wynne.
 But bisy þe her. bale to blynne.
 þat blaberyng are wiþ oþes blent.
 Vncoupe *and* knowen. *and* of þi kynne.
- 32 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.
- ¶ In clannes and in cristes werk.
 Haue mynde. to holden þin haly day.
 And drauh þe þenne. from dedes derk.
- 36 Wiþ al þi meyne. Mon and may.
 And men vnsauȝte. loke þou assay.
 To sauȝten hem þenne. at on assent.
 And pore and seke. þou plesse *and* pay.
- 40 • And kepe wel cristes Comaundement.
- ¶ þi Fader þi Moder. þou worschupe boþe.
 ȝif þou wolt boteles. bale escheuwe.
 With counseil cum-forte hem. with mete *and*
 cloþe.
- 44 As þou sest. hem neodeþ newe.
 And ȝif þei talke of tales vn-trewe.
 þou torn hem out. of þat entent.
 And cristes lawe. help þat þei knewe.
- 48 And kep wel cristes. Comaundement.
- ¶ Sle no mon. wiþ wikked wille.
 Be war. and vengeaunce tak þou non.
 In word. ne dede. loude. ne stille.
- 52 Bakbyte þou no mon. blod ny bon.
 But ay let gabbynges. glyde and gon.
 A-wey wher þei wol. glace. or glent.
 And help þat alle men ben aton.
- 56 And kep wel cristes comaundement.

- G**oddis name in ydil take pou nouzt,
 But ceesse & saue þee from þat synne;
 Swere bi no ping' þat god haf wrouzt,
 28 Be waar his wrappe lest' pou so wyne.
 ¶ But' bisie þee euere her bale to blinne
 þat wiþ blaberinge oopis ben blent,
 Vncouþe & knowen of þi kynne;
 32 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

II. Take not
 God's name in
 vain.

Swear by no
 thing that God
 has made,

but keep from the
 bale of blabbering
 oath-swearers.

- I**n clennes and in cristis werk
 Haue mynde to halowe þin holi daye,
 And drawe þee þanne from dedis derk
 36 Wiþ al þi meyne, man & may.
 ¶ Men vnsoft, loke pou asay
 To soften ¹them to good assent,
 Helpe poore and sike to please & pay,
 40 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

III. Hallow thy
 Holy Day, with

all thy household.

Try to soften
 unsoft men,
 [1 Page 51.]
 and to help the
 poor and sick.

- P**i fadir & modir worschipe boþe—
 If pou wolt' botelees bale eschewe—
 With councele, coumforte, meete & cloþe,
 44 As pou seest' þat' hem nedip' newe.
 ¶ And if þei talke of wordis vntrewe,
 pou turne hem out' of þat' entent,
 And cristis lawe helpe þat' þei knew,
 48 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

IV. Honour thy
 Father and
 Mother with

counsel, food, and
 clothes.

Turn them from
 untrue words, and
 help them to
 know Christ's
 law.

- S**le no man with wickid wille;
 Be waar, of veniaunce take pou noon;
 Eerli ne late, lowde ne stille,
 52 Backbite no man, blood ne boon,
 ¶ But' lete euere gabbing' glide & goon
 Away, wheþer it' wole glase or glent';
 And helpe þat' alle men were at' oone,
 56 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.

V. Slay no man:
 take no venge-
 ance.

Backbite no one,
 but let gabbing
 go by.

Help on peace.

¶ Stele þou nouȝt. þi neiȝebors þing.
 Nouȝur wiþ stillenes. ne wiþ strif.
 Nor *with* no maner. wrong getyng.
 60 þi self þi seruauȝt. child. ne wyf.
 To sulle *and* buye. ȝif þou be ryf.
 Wayte al way. þat wrong be went.
 As þou wolt lyue. þe lastyng lyf.
 64 þou kepe wel. cristes comaundement.

[Col. 2.]

Fals witnesse. loke þow non bere.
 ȝif þow wolt. in blisse a-byde.
 þi neiȝebore. wityngly to dere.
 68 Ne no mon nouȝer. in no syde.
 But loke þat no mon. be a nuyȝed.
 And þou may him. from harmes hent.
 And help þat falshede. beo distruiet.
 72 And kep wel. cristes comaundement.

¶ Sunge þou not. in lecherie.
 Such lust vn leueful. let hit pas.
 Consente þou not. to such folye.
 76 þat founden is so foul trespas.
 And loke. þat nouȝer more ne las.
 þi lykyng. on þat lust be lent.
 Leste þou synge. þis songe alas.
 80 For brekyng. of cristes comaundement.

¶ þi neiȝebors wyf. coneyte þou nouȝt.
 Vnleuefully. a-ȝeynes þe lawe.
 Wiþ hire to sunge. in word ne þouȝt.
 84 And from þat deede. euer þou þe drawe.
 And neuer sey. to hire no sawe.
 To make hire. to synne assent.
 Ne plese hire not. *with* no mis plawe.
 88 But kep wel. cristes comaundement.

- S**ynne þou not in leccherie ;
 Such lust vnleefful, lete it passe .
 Consente þou not to þat folie
 60 þat founden it is so ¹foule a trespase.
 ¶ And loke þou, neiþer more ne lasse
 þi likinge on þat lust be lent,
 Lest þou singe þis song ' alas
 64 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.'
- S**tele þou nouȝt of þi neiȝboris þing
 Neiþer wiþ stilnes ne *with* strijf,
 Ne *with* no maner of wrong geetynge,
 68 þi silf, þi seruaunt, child, ne wijf.
 ¶ To bie & sille if þou be rijfe,
 Loke euere þat wrong away be went :
 If þou wolt han euerlastinge lijf,
 72 Kepe weel cristis comaundement.
- F**als witnes, loke þat þou noon bare ;
 If þou wolt in blis a-bide,
 þi neiȝbore wilfulli þou ne dere,
 76 Ne noon þat woneþ þee biside ;
 ¶ But loke þat no man be anoied
 If þou may *him* from harmes hent,
 And helpe þat falshede were distroied,
 80 And kepe weel cristis comaundement.
- P**i neiȝboris wijf, coueite þou nouȝt
 Vnleeffulli, azens þe lawe,
 Wiþ hir to synne in dede or þouȝt,
 84 But from þe dede euere þou drawe,
 ¶ And ceesse, & seie to hir no sawe
 To make hir for to synne assent,
 Ne please hir not *with* no nyce plawe,
 88 But kepe weel cristis comaundement.

VI. Sin not in
 Lechery and
 unlawful lust ;

[¹ Page 52.]

set not thy liking
 on it

lest thou repent it.

VII. Steal no-
 thing of thy
 neighbour's.

Cheat not in
 buying and
 selling.

VIII. Bear no
 false witness.

Injure not thy
 neighbour,

but keep every
 one from harm.

Help to destroy
 falsehood.

IX. Covet not thy
 neighbour's wife,
 [Page 53.]

and say and do
 nothing to make
 her assent to sin.

- ¶ þi neizhebors hous. wenche ne knaue.
 Vnskilfully. coueyte þou nouht.
 Ne ȝit his good. *with* wrong to haue.
- 92 For hit. lest þou to bale be brouht.
 For whon þe soþe. schal vp be souht.
 ȝif þou in to þis sunnes assent.
 Ful bitterly. hit mot be bouȝt.
- 96 For brekyng of cristes. Comaundement.
- ¶ Vche mon þat wol. þis lessun lere.
 And louep. a laweful lyf. to lede.
 He may not misse. on none manere.
- 100 þe merþe of heuene. to his mede.
 For crist *him* here. wol helpe *and* hede.
 And heþene. in to heuene hent.
 For-þi I. preye. þat crist vs spede.
- 104 Kuyndely to kepe. his comaundement.

- T**hi neighboris hous, wenche, ne knawe,
 Vnleeffulli coueite þou nouȝt,
 Ne opir good, wrongt to haue,
 92 Lest þou for it to bale be brouȝt.
 ¶ For whazne þe soope schal be up souȝt,
 If þou to þis sygne assent,
 Ful bittirli it schal be bouȝt
 96 For brekinge of cristis comaundement.
- E**ch man þat wole þis lessoun lere,
 And louep a lawful lijf to lede,
 He ne may mys on no manere
 100 þe myrþis of heuen to haue to meede;
 ¶ For crist wole him heere helpe at nede,
 For from hens to heuene be wole him hent,
 For þi praie we þat crist us spede
 104 Kindeli to kepe his comaundement. Amen.
- Covet not thy
neighbour's
house, maid, or
man,

for at the Last
Day thou shalt
pay bitterly for it.
- No man who
learns this lesson
can miss the joys
of Heaven,

for Christ will
take him there.
Let us pray Him
that we may keep
His Command-
ments.

[“There is no creatour but oon,” printed pp. 18-21, follows here in the MS.]

The Sixtene Poyntis of Charite.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 42; written without breaks, except lines 6-12, 21-4.*]

Man, remember
whence thou
camest, and
whither thou
goest,

and that hereafter
thou may'st see
thy Lord as His
chosen child in
Charity.

Man's highest
task is to live a
just life.

God told St. Paul
in the third

heaven the 16
points of Charity.

Though I speak
with angels'
tongues, and have
not Charity, I am
but as a brasen
cymbal.

[Page 43.]
And though I can
move mountains,

I am worthless if
I want Charity.

MAn, among' þi myrþis haue in mynde
From whens þou come & whidir þou teendis,
How freeli þou fallist' & filist' þi kinde !
4 Arise & make of¹ þi mys ameendis,
¶ Þat of þis world whanne þou out' wendis,
þou maist' in heuene þi lord god se
Among' hise apostolis & dere freendis
8 As a chosen child in charitee.

The hijest' lessoun þat man may lere
Is to lyue iust lijf, if þou wolt loke,
Yf þou haue grace to holde & heere,
12 Is playnli printid in poulis booke.
¶ For god to poul þis lessoun tooke
in þe þridde heuen, hijest' of pre,
Euery man to cunne & looke
16 þe sixtene propirtees of charitee.

'Thou; y speke,' seiþ seint' poule,
'As aungils doon, or with mennis tunge,
If charite be not' in þi soule,
20 I am but' as a brasen symbal song'.
¶ And þou; my bileue be neuere so strong'
So þat' mounteyns be meued bi feiþ of me,
I am not' worthi to god so longe
24 As me wantiþ charite.

¹ of in margin.

- T**houȝ y to poore men ȝeue al my good,
 And my bodi to breȝne þere hoot fier ys,
And charite be not in my mood,
 28 It profitiþ me not to heuen blis.
 ¶ But for god wolde it schulde not mys
 To knowe in charite whazne we be,
 He tauȝte poul to teche al his
 32 þe .xvj. Poyntis of charite.

And though I
 give my body to
 be burnt, and
 have not Charity,
 it profiteth nothing.

God told Paul to
 teach his disciples
 the 16 points of
 Charity.

- ‘Charite,’ he seiþ, ‘is pacient,
 Alle disesis meekli suffringe,
 Benigne also in hir entent,
 36 Kindelid *with* fier of good lyuyng;
 ¶ Neuere enuyose for ony þing
 To freend ne foo, whepir it be,
 But euere glad to goddis plesing
 40 To cherische alle men in charitee.

1. Charity is
 patient, and

2. Benign,

3. Never envious,

- C**harite dooþ neuere wickidli
 Bi purpos of wil, ne wickid dede,
 Ne blowen ¹is *with* pride þouȝ sche be welþi,
 44 For to greue god is hir moost drede;
 ¶ For *in* helle depe schal be her meede,
 A low wiþ lucifer for to be
 þat for blynde pride wole take noon hede
 48 lowli to lyue in charite.

4. Never does
 wickedly,

¹ [Page 44.]
 5. Is not puffed
 up with pride,

- C**harite is not coueitose toold
 Of worschipe ne of wronge wyȝnynge,
 For wiþ ypocritis sche may not holde,
 52 Ne consente *with* wrong getyng.
 ¶ Sche sechiþ not hir owne þing
 For hindringe of neiȝboris þat myȝte be,
 For manye perels ben *in* pletynge
 56 þat acorden not *with* charitee.

6. Desires no
 honour or wrong
 gains,

7. Seeketh not her
 own,

8. Is not easily
provoked,

Charite wole no ping^t be wroop
For harmes þat hir silf may hent,
But for to synne, al oonli is hir loop,
60 Azens goddis comaundement.
¶ Charitee þenkiþ noon yuel in hir entent,
But stintiþ strijf, & stoonðiþ free;
Al yuel wil, it wolde were went,
64 And chaungid al for charite.

[Page 45.]
10. Rejoiceth not
in iniquity, but

Of wickidnes charite is not glad,
Bi lauzter ne bi no likinge,
But euere sobre, soft, & sad,
68 In pouzt, in word, & in worching.
¶ To rizt & troupe is her ioiying,
To maynteine truþe where-euere sche be,
With feiþful and true folk Is hir dwelling,
72 For suche ben chosen in charite.

12. Charity
beareth all things,

Alle pingis sche berip vp meekeli,
For al hir wronge schal turne to game;
Sche falliþ not vnder for vilonye,
76 For los, for sijknes, ne for schame.

13. Believethe all
things,

¶ Alle pingis sche trowiþ wiþ-out fame
þat goddis lawe techiþ truþe to be,
And bidip þerbi for ony blame,
80 For suche ben children of charitee.

14. Hopeth all
things,

Alle pingis sche hopiþ to haue in blis;
For suche sche suffriþ & sêrueþ heere;
For of mercy sche may not mys
84 þat þis lesson wole loue & lere.

15. Endureth all
things.

¶ Sche abidiþ alle pingis with good chere
þou3 sche þinke longe þe eende to se,
For of reward sche haþ ¹no were
88 þat þus abidiþ in charite.

[Page 46.]

Charite falliþ neuere a-way
 From him þat it in charite wole holde,
 Bifore ne aftir domys day,
 92 But encressiþ in blis an hundrid folde.
 ¶ Whanne al tresour is tried & tolde,
 Al help to blis is in þese þre,
 Feiþ, hope, & charite, noþing colde;
 96 þe mooste of hem is charite.'

16. Charity never
 faileth.

All help to bliss
 is in these three:
 Faith, Hope,
 Charity:
 and the greatest
 of these is
 Charity.

Bi charite, man, þou must loue more
 God þan silf, þe soop to say,
 For þis is þe lord-is owne lore,
 100 With al þi power him please & pay;
 ¶ Thi neiȝbore also, wiþ-oute nay,
 Loue as þi silf saaf to bee;
 To freend & fo holde faste þi fay,
 104 And chaunge þou neuere fro charite.

It makes thee
 love God above
 thyself,

and thy neighbour
 as thyself.

If we þis lessoun we loue & leere,
 And take it truli to oure entent,
 We schulen haue knowinge good & cleere
 108 Who ben blamelees & who ben schent.
 God, þat hast us oure lijf lent,
 Graunte þat we may oure ¹silf to enserche
 & se,
 As þou for us on roode were rent,
 112 þou chese us to þee for charite. A-M-E-N.

If we learn this
 lesson, we shall
 know who will be
 blest and who
 punished.

[¹ Page 47.]
 God grant that
 Christ may chooe
 us, for His love.

["Euery man schulde teche bis lore," printed pp. 104-5, follows
 here in the MS.]

Quindecim Signa ante diem Iudicij.

[MS. B. 11. 24, Trinity College, Cambridge;
ab. 1450, A.D.]

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| Lord of Heaven, | Kynge of grace, & ful of pyte, |
| | Lord of heuyn, I-blyssyd þou be ! |
| have mercy on us! | Haue mercy on vs, we the beseche, |
| | 4 Or we lese our wytt & speche ! |
| I will tell of the | xv. tokenys telle I may |
| xv. Signs before | That shal come before doomys day, |
| Doomsday. | As it is seyde yn the prophecie, |
| | 8 In the book of Jeremye. |
| | Herkenyth now þe tokenynge |
| | That þe firste day shal brynge : |
| I. Rain shall fall, | Fro heuyæ shal a rayne falle, |
| bitter as gall, | 12 Hit shal be byttyr as eny galle, |
| red as blood, | Hytt shall be as red as any blod, |
| | Ouyr all þe worlle a grymly flod ; |
| and overwhelm | Hytt schalle ouergo wyth large mett |
| the whole world, | 16 Alle that ys in erth I-sett : |
| and terrify chyl- | The chylceryn vn-born Aferd shall be |
| dren unborn. | Of thys tokenynge, as I telle the, |
| | And meue hem tyll our Syth |
| | 20 Ryth as þey speke myth. |
| | The secunde day ys stronge with alle : |
| II. The Stars | The sterrys shal fro heuyn falle, |
| shall fall from | So dredfulle and so breyth |
| heaven. | 24 As the fyre off þe dondyr lyth. |

- Men schalle say, "welle-away!
Thys ben the tokenys off domys day!"
They schall cry & syke sore,
- 28 And say, "lord, mercy, thyn ore¹!" [¹ MS. thynore]
The iij^{de} day ys off syche : III. The Sun
In erthe and in heuyn-ryche
The hye son thatt ys so bryth,
- 32 So fayr, and so full off lyth,
Hitt shalle be swarte as any pyche :
Alle thatt shall be rewlyche.
Men schalle þen sone se
- 36 Att mydday hytt shalle swarte be ;
All thatt ben on lyve
Schalle thys wordys dryve,
"Alas thatt we scholle Abyde
- 40 To se þis sorowe in Euery syde!"
The iiij^{te} day ys swythe longe,
With wepynge & wyth sorow Amonge : IV. Everything
All þat in erthe stonde on earth shall
turn into red
blood
- 44 Schall to red blod wende ;
They schalle drawe hem to þe grownde,
Ther schalle they dwelle butt no stownde,
To the see þey schalle for drede, and flee to the sea.
- 48 Ryth as moyses the prophytt sayde,
Thatt the mone schalle rewly falle
And wynd outt of hys reche stalle.
The man schalle say to hys wyff
- 52 "Alas patt we be nowe Alyve!"
The v^{te} day comyth swythe ;
For euery best patt ys on lyve,
Toward heuyn her hedd schall holde.
- 56 For thatt wonþer As y yowe tollde,
Men schalle say, "lord, thyn ore
Off our sorowe & off our sore!" The Moon shall
fall from heaven.
Thys tellyth the prophecy
- 60 In þe booke of Jeromy. V. All beasts
shall hold up their
heads towards
heaven.
Men shall pray
God mercy,

- and ask Christ to
bring them to
bliss.
[¹ Omitted, and
inserted in
Margin.]
- VI. The Trees
shall turn upside
down,
- and children
shall die.
- VII. All castles
shall fall down.
[² MS. down]
- The hills shall
be lowerd, and fill
up the valleye,
- so that all the
earth shall be
even.
- VIII. A day of
dread.
- The Sea will rise
and flee,
- and be driven up
to the clouds by
the wind.
- All living
will wish to be
hid under the
earth.
- Welle we schalle vndyrstonde
Thatt cristyndom hatt vnperfonge.
"Thatt day, Ihesus to vs se
64 As þou¹ vs bowtyst vppon a tre,
Thatt we-may com to þy blysse
Lord, when þy wille ys!"
The vj day schall down Falle
68 The treys with þe croppys alle,
And toward þe erthe the croppys schalle be.
For fere the man schalle lese hys wyff,
The wyff her chyld, þe chyld his lyff;
72 Alle thatt leve schall lese here wytte;
Wo they be thatt schalle a-byde hytte,
Bettyr they were to be oute off lyve
Than soche payne for to dryve.
76 The vij day schalle fall down
Chyrche and castelle and euery town²;
All schall to-breke; and euery hylle
Shalle lowe, valeys For to Fylle;
80 The erthe schalle [be] shene and clene;
In þis worlde alle schalle be evyn;
Than schalle þe worlde evyn be:
Wo ys he þat thatt schalle se!
84 The viij day ys a day off drede,
Ryth as moyses þe prophytt seyde
Thatt the see woll ryse & fle,
Thatt euery best aferd schall be;
88 Than for drede hytt woll ryse & flowe
With wawys grete, & stormys towe:
Thorowe the strength off þe wynd
Into the Welken hitt schall slynge;
92 All thatt leuyth þatt day
Wold fle away, but þey ne may;
Vndyr erthe I-hydd they wold be
Thatt Ihesu cryst scholl nott hem Ase.
96 Then wolle the see wytdrawe,

- And wend to hys owyn hawe.
 Godd of heuyn, þat best may,
 Haue mercy on vs vppon þatt day !
- 100 The ix day, wondyr hytt ys,
 As the prophecy tellyth hytt I-wys :
 Thatt all þynge schall speke þan,
 And cry in erthe aftyr þe steuyn off man,
- 104 And be-mone hem self in owr syzth
 Ryth as þey speke myth.
 Lord Ihesu, thy myth þou fullfelle !
 We be sorry þatt we dede agayn þi wille
- 108 Or *with* towyth or *with* dede.
 Lord Ihesu ! brenge vs oute of þis drede
 Thatt we may com to rest !
 Ther bale ys most, & bote ys nexte.
- 112 The .x. day ys day of welaway
 As gregory sayth, and Jeromy :
 Than schalle knele þe angelys bryth
 Before þe face of godd allmyth.
- 116 Seynt peter, noþer his felow-redde,
 Dar nott speke A word for drede ;
 They schalle se heuyn vngo,¹
 And þe erthe schall Also,
- 120 They schalle schryke & crye lome
 For þe drede of þe grett dome.
 Develyn schall com oute off helle
 As seynt Johan doyth vs tell,
- 124 They schalle kry, "lord, thyn ore
 Off our sorowe & of our sore !
 Lett vs to heuyn com !
 Longe þou hast hytt vs be-nome
- 128 For our gylt, and our mysdede,
 And for our awyn wykkyd rede !"
 Thys ys a day of moche sorowe ;
 A strongyr comyth on the morrowe,
- 132 The xi day comyth lyche,

IX. As the prophecy tells,

all things on earth shall speak with the voice of man and bemoan themselves.

"Jesu, bring us from this dread to rest, with Thee!

X. A day of lamentation.

The Angels shall kneel before God.

Peter and his companions shall not dare to speak.
 Heaven and earth shall perish.
 [¹ O.H.G. *intgān*, to perish.—Bradley.]

Devils shall come out of hell,

and pray God to

let them come back into heaven.

XI. Great storm

- shall rage;
all rocks and
stones shall clash
together,
and all the world
split asunder.
- The Rainbow
shall be twisted,
and the Devils
shall run back to
hell.
- [1 P war be]
- XII. This day
is dreadful.
- Angels shall fall
at God's feet for
us.
Lord, be merciful!
- XIII. Of this day
- no one can tell
half the sorrow.
- All the stones on
earth
shall drive
against one
another
- With stronge stormys sykyrlyche,
And alle the stonys moche & lyte
Scholle to-gedyr sore smyte;
136 Alle the worlle schalle to-dryve;
Wo be þey þatt ben on lyve!
The rayn bowe Iwryyd schalle be,
Grymlyche In syȝth for to see.
140 Than the deuelyn schalle swyde ren,
And for fere to helle torn;
God wille say, "ther schull ye be,
Ther schall ye wone & be war¹:"
144 God grownte so to be-tyde
Thatt we may be on bettyr syde!
The xij day ys dredfulle than;
For than was neuer schappe of man
148 That wolle þatt god dyd hym ryth,
Yff he dyrst, & most of myth.
Angelys thatt hym seruyn alle,
Scholl for vs vppon kneys falle,
152 To goddys feett for our syn;
And for the loue of all man kyn.
Lord we be-seche the
In þi mercy for to be!
156 Dredfully comyth the xiiij day
To all þatt Abyde hytt may.
Fro the begynnyng of Adamys com
Tylle the end of þe day of doome,
160 Ne myth no man in booke rede
Half the sorow, noþer half þe drede,
That god schalle say than
When he comyth down yn schappe of man;
164 For alle the stonys grett and smale
Thatt byth in erthe withoutyn tale,
All they schalle to-gedyr drynge,
And euerychon to oþer dynges;
168 They schall ryse & grynd so

- Thatt þe fyr fro hem schalle go ;
 They schall bren also bryth
 As þe fyr of þe dondyr lyth.
- 172 The xiiij day ys A day of sorowe ;
 Stronge fyr schalle com on þe morow,
 Ther schalle nothyng in þys worlle leve
 Butt schalle bren to morow tyll eve.
- 176 Thys passyth nott swythe sone ;
 On the morow ys þe day of doome.
 The xv day comyth swythe :
 For euery man þat was on lyve
- 180 Fro Adamys tyme, the fyrst man,
 Alle to the dome schalle com than,
 Euery man of xxxⁱⁱ wynter olde,
 All schall com þe dome to be-holde ;
- 184 Euery man schalle opere mete
 Att the mownte of olevett.
 Two angelys schall blowe her bemys ;
 The folke schall com alle attonys.
- 188 Fulle sore than they may Agryse
 Whan they shulle to þe dome aryse ;
 Two angelys schall com be-forne
With þe scourges, and *with* the crowne of thorn,
- 192 *With* drewry cher and sory mode,
 As hytt on hys hedd stode ;
 And the sper al so scharpe
 As hytt stod on hys heitt.
- 196 For no enuy, ne for no pryde,
 Longeus hym stonge dorow þe syde :
 Longeus then styll stode,
 On hys fyngorys ran þe blod,
- 200 He strokyd ther-*with* hys eyn ryth,
 They be-coom as cler as candyll³th.
 "Kynge and lord full of pyte,
 Thys mys-gylt þou for-yeue me !
- 204 I dyd hyt for non evyll dede,
- so that fire shall
 fly from them
- like lightning.
- XIV. Fire shall
 come in the
 morning, and
 burn up every
 thing on earth
 till the evening.
- XV. The Day of
 Doom.
 All men that
 have livd since
 Adam's time,
- every one, made
 80 years old,
 shall come
- to Mount Olivet.
- Two angels shall
 blow their
 trumpets,
- two shall bring
 the scourges that
 beat Christ, and
 the Crown of
 Thorns,
- as it stood on
 His head,
 with the spear,
- as it stood on His
 heart.
 (Longeus, the
 soldier, did not
 pierce Christ
 from envy or
 pride, but
- put Christ's
 blood on his eyes,
 and they became
 as clear as candle-
 light.
 'Piteous Lord,
 forgive me, who
 pierst Thee, my
 guilt !')

Angels shall
bring the Cross
and bloody Nails.

Then Christ, sad,
shall come,

and say, "Man,
see what I
sufferd for thee !

I was
crown'd with
thorns.
And thou lovedst
to swear by My
eyes, hair, and
pains,

My five wounds,
teeth, tongue,
heart, lungs,

side, brains and
head,
[1 ? *heved*]
nay, My soul.

Such shame thou
didst Me !

Thou wouldst not
feed or help Me.

What hast thou
sufferd for Me ?"
Then comes Our
Lady, weeping

tears of blood,

and saying,

"King and Lord,
my sweet Son,
[2 *thee*]

grant me to-day
my prayer !
Lose not Thy
handiwork

No^oper for no covetyse of mede."

Angelys schall brenge þe rode bryth,
With blody naylys precyous of syth

208 Then comyth our lord with drewry mode,
Wyth armys I-spred all on blod :

"Man, now þe soth þou mayst I-se,
Whatt I sufferd her for the.

212 Thys passyon I sufferd her for þe :
I-cronyd I was with thornys of a tre ;
Thys was to the leff for to swere
Be my eyn & be myn here,

216 And be my paynys that wher stronge.
Man, hytt was þe fulle ryve

To swere be my wowndys fyve,
Be my tethe And my tonge,
220 Be my herтт and be my longe,
Hyтт thowyth the fulle grett pryde

For to swere be my syde,
Be my brayne & be my hedd ;¹
224 be my sowle I was ofte be-revyd.

Man, hyтт was full grett dyspyte
So ofte to make me edwyte !

Thou woldyst notт clothe me, ne fede,
228 Thou woldyst notт helpe me att my nede !
Man offte þou hast for-sworn me !
Man what sufferst þou for me ?"

Than comyth our lady hem be-fore—

232 In blyssyd tyme was she I-bore—
With terys rennyng alle on blodd,
Sore wepyng with drewry modd ;

"Fadyr, & son, and holygost,
236 Kyng and lord as þou wost,
My swete son, I praye de²

My bone to day þou grawnt me !
Thy honde warke þat þou hast wrowyth,
240 My dere son, for-lese hem nowhte !

- Thou bowst hem wyth þy blodd
 And *with* þy flessch vpon þe rode ;
 My swete son, I pray the
- 244 For all mankynd þat I may be ;
 Graw[n]te hem þy swete blysse,
 None of hem þatt þou ne mysse."
 "Modyr, thy wille I-fullfyllyd shall be,
- 248 Thy bone to day I grawnt hytt þe ;
 The goode y wille lese nowth,
 My hondwerke that I haue wrowth.
 Thys patt walde nott serue me,
- 252 My blysse schalle they neuere se,
 Into payne they schalle wende,
 To haue¹ hytt euere *with*outyn ende.
 My chyldryn þat haue *seruyd* me,
- 256 In my blysse they schall euere be ;
 Ye scholl com *with* me to heuyn
With angelys songe and mery steuyn.
 And he clepyth hym be-fore,—
- 260 In blyssyd tyme wer they I-bore,—
 He spekyth to hem myldelyche,
 'Comyth *with* me to my kyngdome ryche.'
 Lord we be-seche þe
- 264 Thy swete blysse þatt we mott se ;
 When we com to oure lyvys ende,
 Into thy blysse þat we mot wende,
 And grawnt vs thatt hytt so be !
- 268 Amen, Amen, lord, For charite !

bought with Thy
blood !

I pray Thee,
grant all men Thy
bliss ;

miss none ! "

"Mother, thy
will shall be done.

I will not lose the
good.

Those who would
not serve Me

shall go to ever-
lasting torment.
[¹ *haue* repeated
in MS.]
My children, who
have servd Me,

shall come with
Me to heaven."

Lord, grant us
to see Thy bliss
when we die !

Amen !

[For the meaning of l. 182, see Hampole's *Pricks of Conscience*,
ed. Morris, 1863, p. 135, ll. 4983-90 :

þan sal alle ryse in þe same eld þan
 þat God had fully here als man . . .
 þan was he of threty yhere elde, and twa,
 And of thre monethes þar-with als wa ;
 In þat elde alle sal ryse at the last
 When þai here þe grete bemes blast.]

[For *dorow* through, l. 197, and *de* thee, l. 237, compare *The
English Conquest of Ireland*, E. E. T. Soc.]

Who can not Wepe, com lerne of me.

(THE VIRGIN'S SONG OVER HER DEAD SON.)

[MS. O. 9. 38, Trin. Coll. Cambridge. Written
mostly as prose.]

A woman fair
sat weeping

over her dead son
lying in her lap,

lamenting
how Jesus
was robbed of
His life,

saying, "Who
cannot weep,
come learn of
me."

"I cannot weep."

"Nature shall
make thee;

thy father is
dead;

my son is robbed
of his life."

- 2 Sodenly A-frayd, halfe wakyng, halfe slepyng,
and gretly dysmayd, A woman sate wepyng,
With fauour in here face far passyng my reson ;
And of here sore wepyng þis was þe encheson :
Here sone yn here lappe layd, sche seyde, sleyn
by treson :
- 6 yf wepyng myȝt rype be, hit semyd then yn seson.
Ihesus, so sche sobbed,
so here sone was bobbed
- 9 And of hys lyue robbed ;
Seynge thys wordys as y sey the,
- 11 "Who can not wepe, com lerne of me."
- 12 y seyde y cowde not wepe, y was so hard hertyd.
Sche answerd me schortly with wordys þat
smartyd,
- "Lo, nature schall meve þe ; þow must be
conuertyd,
- 15 thyn owne fadyr thys nyȝth ys dede : " thys
schee twhertyd :
- "Ihesus, so my sone ys bobbed,
and of hys lyue robbed.
- 18 ffor soth then y sobbed

- Veryfying thys wordys, seyng to the,
 20 Who can not wepe com lerne at me."
- 21 "Now, breke hert, y the praye! thys cord lyeth
 so rulye,
 So betyn, so woundyd, Entretyd so fuly.
 What wyzt may be-hold, and wepe not? none
 truly,
 24 to see my ded dyre sone bledynge, lo, thys
 newly!"
 Euer styлле schee sobbed,
 So here sone was bobbed,
 27 And of hys lyue robbed.
 Newyng these wordys, as y sey the,
 29 "Who can not wepe, com lerne at me."
- 30 On me sche cast here yee, and seyde, "see, man,
 thy brother!"
 Sche kyste hym, and seyde, "swete, am y not
 thy modyr?"
 And swonyng schee fylle; ther hyt wold be no
 nothyr:
 33 y not whych more dedlye, the tone or the todyr.
 yett sche reuyued, and sobbed
 how here sone was bobbed,
 36 & of hys lyue robbed.
 "Who can not wepe," thys ys the lay,
 38 And ~~with~~ that wordys schee vanyschyd
 A-way. ffinis.
- "Break, my heart! for my son so foully used.
 Who could see him and not weep?"
 So still she sobbed how her son was slain.
 She kissed him;
 she swooned;
 and reviving, she sobbed how her son was bobbed,
 and then vanished away.

The Death of Archbishop Scrope

(WHO WAS BEHEADED, 8 JUNE, 1405).

[*From MS. R. 4. 20, Trin. Coll. Cambridge, on a blank leaf at the end of Lydgate's Siege of Thebes.*]

Wise Bish
Scrope
is dead,

but by Mary's
help he may
rise to heaven.

On the hill
he took
his death right
willingly.

His executioner
knelt to him
and askt his
forgiveness.

He granted it,
begging for five
strokes
to send him
to heaven.

Hay, hay, hay, hay, thynke oñ Whitsonmonday!

The bysshop Scrope that was so wyse,

Nowe is he dede, and lowe he lyse;

To hevyns blys yhit may he ryse,

5 Thurghe helpe of Marie, that mylde may, hay!

When he was broght vnto the hylle,

He held hym both mylde and styлле;

He toke his deth *with* fulle gode wyлле,

9 As I haue herde fulle trewe men say; hay!

He that shulde his dethe be,

He kneled downe vppon his kne:

"Lord, your deth, forgyffe it me,

13 Fulle hertly here to yowe I pray;" hay!

"Here I wyлле the commende:

thou gyff me fyve strokys *with* thy hende,

And then my wayes *thou* latt me wende,

17 To hevyns blys that lastys ay;" hay!

[Comp. Hall's Chronicle, *Hen. IV.* fol. xxv (ed. 1550). W. A. W.]

EXTRACT FROM *HALL* AS TO ARCHBISHOP SCROPE'S
DEATH, ED. 1542? (HY. ELLIS) FOL. XXV.

KYNG HENRY THE .IIII.

¶ THE SIXT YERE.

IN this yere the Earle of Northumber-
lande, which bare styll a venomous
scorpion in his cankered heart, and coude
not desist to inuent and deuise waies and meanes howe
to be reuenged of kyng Henry and his fautours, began
secretely to communicate his interior imaginacions and
priue thoughtes with Richard Scrop, Archebishop of
Yorke, brother to william lord Scrop, treasurer of
England, whome kyng Henry (as you have heard) he
headed at the towne of Bristow, and with Thomas
Mowberey, erle Marshal, sonne to Thomas duke of
Norfolke, for kyng Henries cause before banished
the realme of England, and with the lordes, Hast-
ynges, Fauconbridge, Bardolfe, and diuerse other
whiche he knewe to beare deadely hate and inward
grudge toward the kyng. After long consultacion
had, it was finally concluded and determined amongst
theym, that all they, their frendes and alies, with all
their power, should mete at Yorkeswold at a day
appointed, and that therle of Northumberland shoul'd
be chefetaine and supreme gouernour of the armie,
which promised to bring with him a great number of
Scottes.

The vi
yere.

The Earle of
Northumberland
conspird with

Archbishop
Scrope,

Earl Mowbray,

and others against

Henry,

and all agreed to

meet at Yorkes-
wold on a day
appointed.

This sedicious conspiracye was not so secretly kept,
nor so closely clokod, but that the kyng therof had
knowledge, and was fully aduertised. wherfore to pre-
uent the time of their assembly, he, with suche power
as he could sodainly gather together, with all diligence

But before this
Henry marcht
northwards,

and apprehended
Archbishop
Scrope and others,
who were all
doomed to die on
Whit-Monday
outside York.

marched toward the North parties, and vsed suche a celeritie in his iourney that he was thither come with all his hoste and power before the confederates hearde any inkelyng of his marchyng forward; and sodainly there wer apprehended the archebishop, the earle Marshall, sir Iohn Lampley, and sir Robart Plumpton. These personnes wer arraigned, atteinted, and adiudged to die; and so on the Monday in Whytson weke all they withoute the Citie of Yorke were beheaded.

Seditious Asses
said that at the
Archbishop's
execution,

when he askt for
5 strokes, re-
membering
Christ's 5 wounds,
King Henry had
5 strokes in the
neck;

which is a lie.

Here of necessitie I ought not, nor will not, forgeate how some foolishe and fantastickall personnes haue wrytten, howe erronius Ippocrites and sedicyous Asses haue endited, howe superstitious Fryers and malycious Monkes haue declared and diuulged—bothe contrary to goddes doctrine, the honoure of their prince, and common knowen veritie—that at the nowre of the execucion of this Bishop (which of the Execucioner desired to haue fife strokes in remembraunce of the fife woundes of Christ) the kyng at the same tyme syttyng at diner had .v. strokes in his necke by a person inuisible, & was incontinently stricken with a leprey; which is a manifest lye, as you shall after plainly perceiue.

What shall we

think of these
beastly persons,

these jugglers and
rallers?

Let wise men
iudge.

What shall a man say of suche writers whiche toke upon them to knowe the secretes of Goddes iudgement? what shall men thinke of suche beastly persones, whiche, regardyng not their bounden dutie and obeisance to their prynce & souerain Lorde, enuied the punishment of traiters and torment of offenders? But what shall all men coniecture of suche whyche, fauorunge theyr owne worldly dignitie, their owne priuat auctorite, their owne peculiar profit, wyl thus iuggle, raile, and imagine fantasies agaynst their soueraigne lorde and Prince, and put them in memorye as a miracle to his dyshonor and perpetuall infamy? well let wyse men iudge what I haue said.

GLOSSARY.

- Abie, p. 26, l. 130 ; p. 96, l. 22, pay for, atone for ; A.S. *abigan*.
 Abowe, p. 97, l. 69, bow, bend, humble.
 Adwiten, p. 70, l. 396, blame, accuse ; A.S. *adwitan*.
 Ajenseid, p. 94, l. 100, denied.
 Aggregidist', p. 52, l. 346, *aggreger*, to aggravate. Cotgrave.
 Agryse, p. 123, l. 188, A.S. *agrysan*, to fear.
 Among', p. 81, l. 59, at intervals, 'amonge, or sum tyme, *interdum, quandoque*.' P. Parv.
 Apeele, p. 71, l. 433, Fr. *appeler*, to accuse, appeach, or charge with. Cot.
 Aslake, p. 80, l. 47, A.S. *aslacian*, slacken, dissolve.
 Aslope, p. 54, l. 427, aside.
 Asswage, p. 79, l. 10, quiet down ; Fr. *assouager*, to assuage, quiet, still, pacifie. Cot.
 Attir, p. 24, l. 62, poisonous.
 Auantage, at his, p. 81, l. 70, in his power, control.
 Awaite, p. 76, l. 593, ? watch.
 Balke, p. 92, l. 47, baulk, a mess of his life.
 Beerde, p. 13, l. 50, woman, maiden.
 Beete, p. 12, l. 11, A.S. *gebetan*, to amend, atone for.
 Bemy's, p. 123, l. 186, trumpets ; A.S. *beme*.
 Bigoon, p. 16, l. 40, overwhelmed ; A.S. *began*, to go over.
 Bihatid, p. 82, l. 24, thoroughly hated.
 Bihijt', p. 19, l. 52, promised ; A.S. *behâten*.
 Bikir, p. 46, l. 15, strife.
 Binani, p. 92, l. 34, took away from ; A.S. *benâm*.
 Bitake, p. 20, l. 74, commit ; A.S. *betacan*.
 Bleere, p. 60, l. 78, mock, scorn ; 'I gyue him the best counsayle I can, and the knaue *bleareth* his tonge at me, *tirer ta langue*.' Palsgrave.
 Blynne, p. 97, l. 66, cease.
 Blyue, p. 46, l. 177 ; p. 96, l. 30, quickly.
 Bobbed, p. 126, l. 8, beaten ; 'bobot on the heed, *coup de poing*.' Palsgrave.
 Boone, p. 6, l. 21, prayer ; A.S. *ben*.
 Bote, p. 11, l. 104, remedy ; A.S. *bôl*.
 Boteles, p. 108, l. 42, remediless.
 Breme, p. 102, l. 81, ? not A.S. *breme*, glorious, but 'brym or fers. *Ferox*.' Pr. Parv.
 Broode, p. 37, l. 77, abroad, about.
 Careful, p. 16, l. 39, full of care and trouble.
 Cesoun, p. 42, l. 28, ?seizin, possession, or 'take a cesoun,' stay a season or time.
 Chesoun, p. 42, l. 32, cause, reason ; O.Fr. *achaison*, occasion.
 Clene, p. 1, l. 7, pure ; 'Clene, *mundus, purus*.' Pr. Parv.
 Clennesse, p. 64, l. 197, purity.
 Clinge, p. 85, l. 68 ; p. 89, l. 20, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, cling, or shrink up.
 Conclude, p. 77, l. 605, shut up.
 Contrarie, p. 37, l. 87, go contrary to.
 Coorde, p. 38, l. 111, accord, agree.
 Coost, p. 34, l. 63, Fr. *costé*, a coast or quarter. Cotgrave.
 Countirtaile, p. 71, l. 416, Fr. *contrecaille*, the one part of a tallie, or score, already marked, or notched. Cotgrave.
 Croppys, p. 120, l. 68, tops ; A.S. *crop*, top, bunch, berry.
 Cumne, p. 114, l. 15, A.S. *cunnan*, to know.

- Cus, p. 12, l. 22, kiss; A.S. *cus*, *cyss*.
- Daswen, p. 68, l. 338, become dazed or dim; Du. *duyster*, dim.
- Defie, p. 95, l. 6, fear for?
- Delice, p. 78, l. 633; Delijs, p. 42, l. 43, Fr. *delices*, delights, pleasures.
- Dere, p. 110, l. 67, injure; A.S. *derian*.
- Derworpiest', p. 52, l. 352, A.S. *deorwurde*, precious, of great value.
- Diffence, p. 60, l. 63, Fr. *defense*, answer, argument.
- Disceyuable, p. 86, l. 7, deceitful.
- Discure, p. 63, l. 165, discover.
- Dispence, p. 63, l. 157, gain, reward?
- Disperage, p. 74, l. 508, incongruity; O.Fr. *desparager*, to offer vnto, or impose on, a man vnfit, or unworthie conditions. Cot.
- Dondyr, p. 118, l. 24, thunder.
- Drewis, p. 60, l. 66, ?draughts.
- Drynge, p. 122, l. 166, A.S. *þringan*, throng, rush.
- Dwynne, p. 27, l. 176, dwindle; A.S. *dwīnan*, to pine, fade, waste away.
- Edwyte, p. 124, l. 226, reproach, twitting; A.S. *edwite*, reproach, disgrace, contumely.
- Encheson, p. 10, l. 75, occasion; O.Fr. *achaison*.
- Ensurre, p. 18, l. 9, cock sure.
- Entensioun, p. 21, l. 92, ?excuse, or mind.
- Eruest, p. 69, l. 350, harvest; A.S. *hærfest*.
- Faite, p. 76, l. 595, ?deceive; O.Fr. '*faiteus*, criminel, coupable.'
- Fare, p. 95, l. 13, goings on, ways, life.
- Fawe, p. 96, l. 28, fain, glad.
- Felle, p. 25, l. 92, ?fail, or fell.
- Fen, p. 26, l. 121, mire, mud.
- Fere, p. 38, l. 111, company; *in fere*, together.
- Fere, p. 86, l. 16, companion, person.
- Filist', p. 114, l. 3, defilest.
- Flaite, p. 75, l. 532, Du. *vleyden*, to flatter, to sooth, or to entice with faire [words]. Hexham.
- Fleme, p. 18, l. 17, banish; A.S. *flyman*.
- Florische, p. 89, l. 18, ornament, deck.
- Foisoun, p. 43, l. 64, Fr. *foison*, plentie, great fullnesse. Cot.
- Fondid, p. 8, l. 23, tried; A.S. *fandian*, to try.
- Foondu, p. 95, l. 13, try.
- Foonued, p. 96, l. 33, foolish?
- For, p. 19, l. 35, 40, because.
- Forbeere, p. 60, l. 76, restrain.
- Forclonge, p. 18, l. 31, A.S. *clingan*, to wither, pine, or shrink up; *forclungen*, shrunk.
- Forlete, p. 30, l. 250, A.S. *forletan*, to let go.
- Forþi, p. 24, l. 89, for that reason.
- Foulden, p. 73, l. 485, ?fold, bend.
- Frame, p. 44, l. 97, ?A.S. *freme*, profit, advantage.
- Frauzte, p. 76, l. 590, freight, load.
- Frike, p. 23, l. 26, glad, joyful; A.S. *frician*, to dance, frisk.
- Gesoun, p. 64, l. 206, ?Fr. *gesse*, a common sinke or sewer; a gutter for the voiding of ordure. Cotgr.
- Not. E. *geason*, rare, strange.
- Gist', p. 93, l. 63, show.
- Glewe, p. 29, l. 236, A.S. *gleow*, joy, mirth, glee.
- Grame, p. 63, l. 168, A.S. *grama*, anger, rage, wrath.
- Greede, p. 14, l. 73, greet, moan; A.S. *grætan*, to weep, cry out.
- Gril, p. 83, l. 12, sharp, unkind; O.N. *grila*. H. Coleridge.
- Hadde-y-wist', p. 73, l. 497, had-I-known (what would have happened), after-regret.
- Happe, p. 89, l. 26, wrap over, cover for defence; Isl. *hypia*, Jamieson.
- Harewide, p. 53, l. 385, tore open.
- Hawe, p. 121, l. 97, A.S. *hæh*, hole, den.
- He, p. 59, l. 39, they.
- Hende, p. 7, l. 25, gentle.
- Hildande, p. 23, l. 55, beholden.
- Hirde, p. 17, l. 52, A.S. *hirde*, a shepherd.
- Ho, p. 14, l. 71, halt, stop.
- Homeli, p. 63, l. 163, familiar.
- Hore, p. 83, l. 13, hoar, hoariness.
- Hote, p. 41, l. 15, be called; A.S. *hdan*.
- Ilke, p. 23, l. 54, every.
- Insijt', p. 66, l. 250; p. 69, l. 339, 'insyght, *insperio*, *circumspectio*.' Promptorium.
- Kinde, p. 20, l. 59, nature.
- Kipe, p. 11, l. 92, show; A.S. *cyttan*, to make known, declare, show.

- Kynde, p. 9, l. 53, nature; A.S. *ge-cynd*.
 Kyndell, p. 8, l. 19, natural; A.S. *ge-cyndelic*.
 Lappid, p. 3, l. 50, wrapped; 'Lappyn, or whappyn yn cloþys (happyn togedyr, wrap togeder in clothes). *Involvo.* P. Parv.
 Lauzt', p. 30, l. 249; p. 76, l. 586, caught, taken; A.S. *laccan*, to seize.
 Leeme, p. 52, l. 335, A.S. *leoma*, light, flame.
 Leepis, p. 47, l. 181; p. 72, l. 451, A.S. *leap*, a basket, hamper.
 Leere, p. 8, l. 5, teach; A.S. *læran*.
 Lees, p. 16, l. 45, lies.
 Lett', p. 48, l. 226; Leite, p. 52, l. 355, lightning; A.S. *lihting*.
 Lende, p. 23, l. 41, lent; A.S. *lened*.
 Lent', p. 105, l. 26, put away; ? A.S. *lengde*, put off, *perf.* of *lengian*.
 Lete, p. 28, l. 186, leave, cease; A.S. *lætan*, let go.
 Lewide, p. 67, l. 303, lay, ignorant.
 Leye, p. 95, l. 2, field after the crop is cut, *clover ley*, &c.; ? not A.S. *lagu*, a district in which a certain law was in force.
 Likerose, p. 20, l. 55, lecherous.
 Likid, p. 8, l. 16, pleased.
 Likingt', p. 3, l. 50, pleasant.
 Likinge, p. 92, l. 49; p. 93, l. 77, 81, lust.
 Likingly, p. 91, l. 20, pleasantly.
 List', p. 4, l. 3; A.S. *list*, wisdom, science, power, faculty; *lyst*, desire, love, admiration.
 Lome, p. 121, l. 120, frequently; A.S. *gelóme*.
 Maistrie, p. 20, l. 80, mastery, (see p. 33, l. 58,) ? not tricks.
 Mammillis, p. 1, l. 5, breasts, paps; Pappé, *Mamilla*. P. Parv.
 Maugre, p. 65, l. 215, reviling, railing; Fr. *maugréer*, to curse, revile extremely, rail on despitfully.
 Mawmetis, p. 45, l. 118, idols.
 Medele, p. 20, l. 86, mingle.
 Meene, p. 1, l. 4, remember; A.S. *menan*.
 Meete, p. 1, l. 6, food.
 Melle, p. 53, l. 387, meddle.
 Mengid, p. 59, l. 51, A.S. *menġian*, mix, mingle.
 Mett, p. 118, l. 15, measure; A.S. *mete*.
 Mydmore, p. 83, l. 17, mid-morning.
 Mynde, p. 9, l. 25, ? mention, or A.S. *myne*, memory.
 Mynne, p. 24, l. 78, remember.
 Myscheue, p. 93, l. 46, come to grief.
 Mystire, p. 76, l. 572, need; Fr. *mes-tier*, need, lacke, necessitie, want.
 Cotgrave.
 Nempne, p. 6, l. 7, name; A.S. *nemnan*.
 Newyng, p. 127, l. 28, renewing, repeating.
 Nuyzed, p. 106, l. 13, annoyed, troubled.
 Nyce, p. 53, l. 390, Fr. *niais*, a simple, witlesse, and vnexperienced gull.
Nice, lither, lazie, sloathfull, dull, simple. Cot.
 Nym, p. 53, l. 371, take; A.S. *niman*, to take.
 Of, p. 98, l. 101, from.
 Ore, p. 119, l. 57, mercy.
 Ouerhope, p. 68, l. 331, too much confidence, sanguineness.
 Paieth, p. 24, l. 58, pleases.
 Pay, p. 14, l. 80, satisfaction, pleasure; *payé*, satisfied, contented. Cotgrave.
 Pilis, p. 64, l. 182, peels, holds, castles.
 Pizt', p. 3, l. 61, pitched; p. 4, l. 13; p. 94, l. 90, placed; p. 12, l. 16, put, dressed.
 Pooste, p. 43, l. 79, power.
 Port', p. 93, l. 85, mien.
 Prest', p. 45, l. 116, quickly.
 Prouz, p. 50, l. 288, advantage, profit; Fr. *prou*.
 Pure, p. 18, l. 11, purify.
 Pursue, p. 68, l. 328, follow, strive.
 Put', p. 73, l. 475, throw, casting.
 Queed, p. 6, l. 18, wicked one, devil; Dutch, *quoad*.
 Qwart', p. 23, l. 2, of good heart or cheer; O.F. *quor*, courage.
 Qweme, p. 18, l. 15, A.S. *cweman*, to please.
 Race, p. 48, l. 238, A.S. *ræs*, rush, attack; cp. *millrace*.
 Raper, p. 88, l. 16, earlier, sooner.
 Rapir, p. 86, l. 9, preferable.
 Releef, p. 47, l. 181, leavings.
 Remewe, p. 20, l. 69, remove.
 Rere, p. 70, l. 379, late. *Rere* suppers are complained of in Waddington

- (b. 1300), Robert of Brunne, 1303, A.D., and many other writers.
- Rereage, p. 73, l. 483, arrears.
- Reueþ, p. 30, l. 257, bereaves, takes away.
- Riȝt, p. 46, l. 170, upright, straight.
- Riȝfe, p. 92, l. 29, much; Du. *rijf*, rife, abundant.
- Romage, p. 93, l. 60, roaming.
- Rouȝte, p. 36, l. 38, recked; A.S. *rôhte*.
- Rowne, p. 63, l. 163, whisper.
- Ruli, p. 10, l. 68, grievous; p. 89, l. 27, sad, mournful; A.S. *hrecow*, grief, penitence; *hrecowlic*, cruel, mournful.
- Ryve, p. 124, l. 217 (see *rijfe*), customary, frequent.
- Sadli, p. 8, l. 7, fixedly.
- Sale, p. 57, l. 502; Fr. *salle*, hall.
- Saugȝte, p. 76, l. 592, A.S. *sah̄t*, reconciled.
- Sauȝten, p. 108, l. 38, reconcile; A.S. *sehtian*. Note the change to *soften* in the later text, p. 109.
- Schende, p. 11, l. 118, shame, disgrace, ruin; A.S. *second*, shame, disgrace.
- Schendip, p. 53, l. 374, A.S. *scendan*, to confound, shame, reproach, revile.
- Schille, p. 65, l. 232; schylle and sharpe, *acutus, sonorus*.
- Schowr, p. 44, l. 96, A.S. *scûr*, battle, fight.
- Sconfitith, p. 46, l. 154, discomfits.
- Scryue, p. 58, l. 2, describe.
- Secke, p. 76, l. 589, sack, bag.
- See, p. 13, l. 54, seat.
- Seelde, p. 41, l. 6, seldom.
- Seete, p. 37, l. 89, set.
- Sege, p. 2, l. 35, seat; Fr. *siège*.
- Seruile, p. 104, l. 15, of service, of business.
- Sijke, p. 78, l. 634, sickness; Du. *ziek*, sick.
- Sikir, p. 33, l. 50, certain, sure.
- Skile, p. 9, l. 33, reason; O.N. *skil*.
- Slake, p. 11, l. 112, become slack, cease.
- Slidir, p. 49, l. 269, slydyr (or swypyrr as a way). *Lubricus*, P. Parv.
- Smerte, p. 93, l. 67, smart, pain, prick.
- Soote, p. 29, l. 248, sweet one.
- Spaynel, p. 91, l. 4, spaniel; Fr. *espagneul*, a Spaniell. Cot.
- Spousebriche, p. 47, l. 188, adultery.
- Spurne, p. 43, l. 76, A.S. *spurnan*, to strike with the heel; p. 91, l. 11, spurned.
- Spute, p. 46, l. 164, dispute.
- Stabilte, p. 26, l. 144, fixedness, firmness.
- Stie, p. 90, l. 48, ascend.
- Stiȝ, p. 55, l. 460, ascended; A.S. *stigan*, to ascend, rise.
- Stintith, p. 116, l. 62, stoppeth.
- Sue, p. 20, l. 68, follow.
- Suffraunce, p. 33, l. 50, Fr. *souffrance*, sufferance, forbearance, patience, abiding.
- Sunge, p. 110, l. 73, sin; A.S. *syngian*.
- Superflue, p. 89, l. 30, superfluous.
- Swarte, p. 119, l. 33, dark, black (swarthy).
- Swing, p. 28, l. 203, A.S. *swingan*, to whip, scourge.
- Swipe, p. 69, l. 348, quickly.
- Swyde, p. 122, l. 140, quickly.
- Swynk, p. 89, l. 32, A.S. *swinc*, labour, *gescwinc*, affliction, torment.
- Temynge, p. 4, l. 20, childbirth; A.S. *tedm*, offspring; *tedmian*, *téman*, to propagate, beget.
- Tende, p. 69, l. 369; tenden, p. 41, l. 6, attend.
- Tene, p. 24, l. 71, A.S. *teóna*, injury, wrong.
- Pat' pat', p. 51, l. 310, that which.
- Pee, p. 63, l. 176, thrive.
- Pertille, p. 9, l. 37, thereto, in addition.
- Pirle, p. 26, l. 147, pierce; A.S. *pirlian*.
- Pole, p. 23, l. 27, A.S. *polian*, suffer.
- Prong, p. 13, l. 27, driven, forced; A.S. *bringan*, to press, crowd.
- Prouȝ, p. 13, l. 32, A.S. *pruh*, a chest, coffin, sepulchre, grave.
- Tille, p. 27, l. 168, to.
- Toberste, p. 30, l. 251, burst all to pieces.
- Tobreke, p. 29, l. 247, break to pieces.
- Torent, p. 20, l. 82, rent to pieces.
- Towe, p. 120, l. 29, tough, harsh; A.S. *tôh*.
- Towyth, p. 121, l. 108, thought.
- Thwertyd, p. 126, l. 15, retorted; A.S. *hwæorfan*, to turn.
- Twynne, p. 23, l. 37, separate.
- Tyne, p. 25, l. 103, A.S. *tynan*, to hedge in, enclose, shut close.
- Uertu, p. 67, l. 300, power, strength.
- Vertu, p. 72, l. 455, power, strength.
- Vncele, p. 106, l. 21, unhappiness.

- Vndirfonge, p. 69, l. 367, receive, take; A.S. *underfangan*, undertake, receive.
- Vndirnome, p. 50, l. 289, ?tookest up or under, objectedst to; A.S. *underniman*, to undertake, comprehend.
- Vndren, p. 84, l. 25, A.S. *undern*, the third hour, 9 a.m., extending also to noon.
- Vngo, p. 121, l. 118, ?*vn* for *um*, round; A.S. *ymbgan*, go round.
- Vnleueful, p. 110, l. 74, unlawful.
- Vnnepe, p. 70, l. 373, A.S. *unetlice*, uneasily, with difficulty, scarcely, hardly.
- Vnourne, p. 71, l. 404, A.S. *vnornlic*, old, worn.
- Vnsauzte, p. 108, l. 37, unfriendly; A.S. *seht*, friendship, peace; *unseht*, want of friendship, enmity. Note the *unsoft* of the later text, p. 109.
- Vnschent, p. 106, l. 6, unpunished.
- Vnskilfully, p. 112, l. 90, unreasonably; see skill.
- Vnsperid, p. 41, l. 15, set free, unlocked; 'speryn, or schettyn, *claudo*; speryn and schette wythe lokkys. Sero, obsero.' Pr. Parv.
- Waitist', p. 50, l. 288, plannest.
- Wake, p. 32, l. 8; p. 99, l. 141, watch; A.S. *wacan*.
- Wan, p. 13, l. 41, wonnst, wentest.
- Waterless, p. 20, l. 53, without water.
- Wedde, p. 10, l. 60, pledge; A.S. *wed*.
- Wede, p. 12, l. 18, garment; A.S. *wed*.
- Welkid, p. 24, l. 68, faded, turned white; A.S. *wealcere*, a fuller, a whitener of cloths.
- Wem, p. 83, l. 13, spot, A.S. *wem*.
- Wente, p. 9, l. 51, gone.
- Were, p. 106, 107, l. 2, danger; A.S. *wér*, a fine for slaying a man; p. 116, l. 87, doubt?
- Weuere, p. 77, l. 603, weaver, contriver, schemer.
- White, p. 72, l. 450, quick, active; same as
- Wizte, p. 63, l. 150; Sw. *wig*, active; 'wyte, or delyvyr, or swyfte, Agilis, velox.' Pr. Parv.
- Wiztli, p. 13, l. 41, swiftly, or powerfully.
- Wijs, p. 98, l. 94, teach.
- Wis, p. 11, l. 115; Wisse, p. 14, l. 68; A.S. *wissian*, to instruct, guide, govern.
- Wite, p. 34, l. 67; p. 99, l. 4, know; A.S. *witan*.
- Wiyte, p. 35, l. 8, 16, &c., blame, reproach, impute, ascribe to; A.S. *witan*, *witian*.
- Wone, p. 11, l. 120, dwell; A.S. *wunian*.
- Woniynge, p. 28, l. 199, dwelling.
- Woost', p. 39, l. 35, knowest.
- Worschipide, p. 53, l. 401, honoured.
- Wreche, p. 16, l. 35, vengeance; A.S. *wrec*.
- zeere, p. 65, l. 244; p. 67, l. 286, ? A.S. *geare*, certainly.
- zeme, p. 52, l. 340; A.S. *giman*, govern, take care of.
- zernynge, p. 28, l. 197, yearning, desire.
- zore, p. 92, l. 35, formerly.
- Yflet, p. 92, l. 37, fled, gone.
- Yhit, p. 123, l. 3, yet.
- Yloore, p. 79, l. 5, lost; A.S. *loren*.
- Ymet', p. 81, l. 74, dreamt; A.S. *metod*.
- Ynne, p. 69, l. 359, ?bring in, not let in; A.S. *innan*, to go in, enter.
- Ynow, p. 76, l. 567, enough.

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